Cambria Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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VOLUME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876. NUMBER 43.

ONLY REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

YOUR SURROUNDINGS.

FRUIT FARMS, especially adapted to the culture of the VINE, where it is an old settler and pays LARGE PROFIT. Soil adapted to the growth of Peach-trees and small fruits; also, Grains, Vegetables.

Plants of excellent VINEYARDS, Orchard Trees can now be seen.

LOCATION is only 31 miles south of Pittsburgh, in a mild, delightful climate, at the very doors of the New York and Markets. Another Railroad now building.

TOWNS already LARGE. SUCCESSFUL ESTABLISHMENTS. Churches, Schools, Newspapers are already established. Stocks of Shoes, Clothing, Glass, Hardware and other things, at which different kinds of a family can procure employment.

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Farms supplied with Fruit Growing Trees, similar with it to a short time on easy terms.

LOTS OF ONE ACRE, and TOWN LOTS, in Louisville and Vineland, also

Concerning the Centennial Exposition, information will be furnished at small expense.

Pamphlets containing full information will be sent on application to CHARLES KELLOGG, Vineland, N. J.

[The following is extract from a description of the well-known farm of Wm. Robinson, and published in the Tribune:

"Farmers were of the "well to do" sort, and those who turned their attention to fruit have grown rich. The soil is varying, from sandy to clayey, intersected with ridges and occasional wet meadows, in which peat or muck are stored, sufficient for the entire upland surface, after several years of liberal fertility. Upon the more extensive tracts, in suitable condition for cultivation, we found some of the oldest and probably most profitable orchards of from fifty to a hundred years standing. Here we discover the cause of the fertility. The whole country is a limestone formation, through the soil we found occasional limestone rocks, generally in small fragments, showing the presence of ancient shells, of the terraceous substance is scattered through the soil, it is very comminuted and in the best condition most easily assimilated by plants as the farmer desires to cultivate."

[8-25.-1y.]

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Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its own virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and genial to children, and yet so searching as effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, poisons that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote and disappear. Evidence its wonderful power, many of which are publicly known, in the cure of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Tumors, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of **health** and **strength** in the Spring. By renewing the **appetite** and vigor of the digestive organs, it **dispels** the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, by cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

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Farming Lands, Grazing Lands, Fruit Lands, Vine Lands, Coal Lands, Wood Lands, some Prairie Lands, Bottom Lands, and Timber Lands, on terms to suit purchasers. Six per cent. interest on deferred payments. Ten per cent. discount for cash. For full particulars, maps and pamphlets, apply to W. D. BLACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Arkansas.

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School established 1850. Property $102,000. Endowment $40,000. Our youth (both sexes) shall have the benefit of it. Winter term opens Dec. 5. Send for catalogue (free) to Rev. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D., Principal.

GOOD FORTUNE

Waits on all who purchase tickets in the Grand Extra Drawing, Monday, December 4, 1876.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational purposes in 1868, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which has been added a reserve fund of $350,000. The Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. The season of 1876 closes with the following scheme:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $50,000.

Only 20,000 Tickets at $20 each. Fractions in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize		$50,000
1 Capital Prize		20,000
1 Capital Prize		10,000
10 Prizes at	$1,000	10,000
25 Prizes at	500	12,500
100 Prizes at	200	20,000
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500 Prizes at	100	50,000
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9 Approximation Prizes of	$3	2 700
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2,385 Prizes, amounting to		$208,900

Write for Circulars or send orders to WILLIAMSON & CO., 317 Broadway, New York; CHAS. T. HOWARD, New Orleans, La.

THE FIRST REGULAR QUARTERLY DRAWING will take place on January 2, 1877. Tickets $1 each. Capital Prize $15,000.

TRIAL LIST for December Term, 1876, commencing on MONDAY, the 4th day of said month:

FIRST WEEK.

Mentzer vs. Hopper & Conrad; Kline vs. M. H. Nathanson & Co.; Myers vs. M. H. Nathanson.

SECOND WEEK.

Saupp vs. Krise, M. D., feigned issue; Burns vs. Krise, M. D., feigned issue; Selden vs. Conrad, feigned issue; Pate vs. Wentroth, feigned issue; Flattery vs. Flattery; Cambria Iron Co. vs. Fisher; White vs. Knoulton; Hugus vs. Morrison; Cooper vs. McMullin; Hamilton vs. Kaylor; Watson vs. Lapsley; Russell vs. Hochstein; Watson vs. Kennedy et. al.; Brestle vs. Hannon; O'Neill vs. Carney; Frohnleser vs. Johnstown Borough; McGarvey vs. Patterson; Kerr vs. Bradley, et. al.; Watters vs. Shoemaker; Griffith vs. Keim; Irvin & Keim vs. Nagle; Mellon vs. Finney & Johnston; Cooper & Mellon vs. Finney & Johnston; Shaffer vs. Bonacker; Fritz & Co. vs. Lynch.

B. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1876.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1876, to wit:

Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Harriet Coughnour, widow of D. W. Coughnour, late of Conemaugh borough, dec'd.—$156.65.

Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Christy, widow of Francis X. Christy, late of Gallitzin township, dec'd.—$117.95.

JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.
O. C. Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1876.

NOTICE.—The first and partial account of JOHN A. BLAIR and JOHN LEWIS, acting Assignees of the Ebensburg Mining and Manufacturing Company, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Cambria county and will be presented for confirmation and allowance, to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, on the first Monday of December next.

B. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1876.

THE HIGHWAY COW.

BY EUGENE J. HAYS.

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown.
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops of a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her old body bear;
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown;
Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her bovine eyes;
Or had bounded off from her bony back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the Deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at his homestead she wished to call,
Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn;
Eating his cabbage, one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the Deacon homeward came,
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer,
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul as calm as the evening air;
His forehead smooth as a well-worn plow,
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passion was quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightning flash in a summer sky;
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees;
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hives of bees;
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The moss grew on the garden wall,
The years went by with their work and play.
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away;
One by one, as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day,
And some must have their months and years.
Some in dying will long delay;
There is a climax to all careers;
And the highway cow at last was slain
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,
Just like the savings banks when they fail;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent;
Little was left but her old stump tail,
The farmer's cornfields and gardens now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

A STORY OF A DUMPLING.

In the year sixteen ninety-two, it would not have been as safe as it is now in the State of Massachusetts for one's cable to dance upon two of his legs, or for an orator to declare that it was not himself to whom one listened, but the spirit of Demosthenes.

For in those days, any one who would now only be spoken of "as so odd, poor dear," was in great danger of being tied to a stake immediately, and if a malevolent person took a dislike to a neighbor, the mere statement that that neighbor had been seen riding on a broomstick the night before was sufficient.

Other neighbors drowned him at once.

And in those days there lived in the town of Salem—where grave judges doomed people to death for no greater crimes than being old and ugly, and a little cracked in the upper story, or for making faces at little boys who threw stones at them, and being fond of black cats—there lived in one house a daughter-in-law and mother-in-law who hated each other.

Grateful-all-your-days Popkins was a respectable farmer, who having a mother who had not only given him the name recorded above, but had made his shirts—aye, and woven the linen for them, and also the homespun for his trousers and coats, who had knit his stockings, cut his hair, and washed the back of his neck every Sunday morning—went in the wildest and most absurd way and married a young wife; as "hity-tity" a thing as could come of Puritan stock.

She absolutely could not get the curl out of her hair, and when her husband had been absent from home all day, she would run to the gate to meet and kiss him—a most undignified proceeding in the eyes of her mother-in-law.

Mrs. Popkins, the elder, was a very pious woman, and she was one of those who believed that Providence smiled upon the burning of a witch, and was well pleased with whosoever drowned him.

Whenever there was a little festival of the sort in vogue, and some poor creature died a terrible death, because of some absurd accusation, good old Mrs. Popkins was on the grounds in her black silk cloak and hood and long, silk mitts, brought years before from England.

On such occasions Mrs. Grateful-all-your-days Popkins, her son's wife, stayed at home and wept, and said she could not bear to see such things, that they were not right.

This in itself Mrs. Popkins the elder thought suspicious, and in her own mind she felt sure that her daughter-in-law had sympathy with witches.

Indeed, she was not entirely clear that the poor girl was not herself in league with Satan; for how, without some special bewitchment, could that otherwise sensible young man, Grateful-all-your-days Popkins, have been brought to do such a silly thing as marry, when he had such a mother?

"Verily," cried Mrs. Popkins the elder, "should I discover that one of my own household was an evil witch, I would denounce that person. It would grieve me to do it, but I would perform my duty."

And then good Mrs. Popkins fell to thinking of her daughter-in-law, who wept when witches were burnt, who, perhaps, had bewitched Grateful-all-your-days into marrying her.

One day they drowned old Gaffer Gill, of whom Master Prod, who owed him money, had said that he stood at his bedside of nights adorned with horns, hoofs, and a tail, and pinched him black and blue.

It was rather a doubtful case, so they gave him a chance. He was cast into the water, and if he floated, they would know that the evil one was his friend. If he sank, he was all right. He sank. No one had expected this, so there were no means at hand for saving him.

From this inspiring scene Mrs. Popkins went home to dinner. She found her daughter-in-law very busy over the fire. A pot hung upon the trammel, which depended from the crane, and it was bubbling beautifully.

Grateful-all-your-days was watching his wife with much calm, Puritan admiration in his light blue eyes.

"We are to have a new dish to our dinner, mother," he said, "and Anne sayeth it will be a good one."

"One none ever tasted before," said Anne.

"It would have been more godly to go to the execution of the witch," said Mrs. Popkins the elder, "and to have refreshed your perishing bodies on cold meats. I fear the lusts of flesh are strong within you both."

With which Mrs. Popkins—who read her Bible rather as a means of reproaching other people than as a comfort to herself—got it down and read denunciations from it to the unhappy young couple until dinner time.

Then, having said grace, she seated herself and was helped to boiled pork and cabbage, and watched little Mistress Anne as she set upon the table a great dish full of round, white balls of dough, and cried—

"There! none other ever made them before I did. I thought them out for myself. Cut it in two, Graty"—that was what she called her husband—"cut it in two, and within thou wilt find an apple. Here is sauce for it."

Grateful-all-your-days did as he was ordered, and burst into a laugh.

"Thou art the best of cooks," he said. "Mother, thou never didst so neat a thing as this—confess it."

That speech settled matters. It was more than Mrs. Popkins the elder could stand. She glared at her daughter-in-law. She glared at her son. She rose and donned her hood and cloak, and took two of the round balls—the first apple dumplings she had ever seen—upon a plate and walked out of the house with it.

"Hath she taken leave of her senses at last?" the daughter-in-law asked.

"She is proud of thy culinary skill, my child, replied Grateful-all-your-days, who, like other men, had no intuitive perception, and thought his mother and his wife the best of friends, "and would fain boast of it to the neighbors."

"Alack!" cried Anne, "my hearts misgives me."

And well it might, for Mrs. Popkins the elder had gone straight to the house of one in authority, who delighted in the destruction of witches, and had set before him the plate.

"Verily," she said, "I have often declared I would denounce even one of my own kin who should prove to be a witch; and here is the proof that Anne, the wife of my well-beloved Grateful-all-your-days, has proved herself a witch by making this within a dumpling of dough, with no hole in it, lies a whole apple. None but a witch could do such a deed. I denounce her. Cut one of these open to prove the truth of what I say to thyself; keep the other for the judges."

The great witch-finder did as he was bid, and pronounced the apple dumpling the chiefest work of Satan he had ever seen; not only witchcraft, but an evil miracle so to speak.

That night poor little Mistress Anne was arrested and cast into prison. Her mother-in-law, as good a cook as there was in Salem, had declared that she had done what was impossible to any cook. Grave elders had opened the remaining dumpling, and out of it had rolled a boiled apple. Anne had not thought of halving and coring it. As the Evil One had helped her by fire, fire was to be her death. The stake was set, faggots were ready, but before she was burned some form of trial must be gone through.

The mother-in-law was witness. The husband was on the spot, tears in his eyes, and a great basket on his arm; and Anne was brought from her prison to confront the fierce men who were only too anxious to doom her to death. According to their laws she might speak in her own defence, if she had anything to say. The charge was made, evidence given, the dumpling exhibited. Then up rose Mistress Anne, white and trembling.

"I have nothing to deny," she said. "I made the dumpling; but I beg leave to show all those now assembled how the work was done; then if there is anything evil in it, do me to death, for I am worthy."

"It is but just," said the judge. "Perform your incantation."

Then stepped forward her husband, Master Grateful-all-your-days Popkins.—He set before her the basket, and took thence a box of flour, some butter, a rolling-pin and pasteboard, four apples, a pan of sugar, a spoon and a nutmeg.

In the court room, as in all rooms that needed warming at that day, was an open fire; over this he put the pot; and kneeling on the floor, Mistress Anne mixed and rolled out a paste. Then paring the apples, she enfolded each in a white sheet and dented the edges of the lap in the paste until it was invisible; then the pot of water boiling and bubling, she dropped them in.

"Is there witchcraft in this?" asked she.

"It is all deceit. They would boil out!" cried the mother-in-law.

"We will wait and see," cried the judges.

They waited. An hour after, all four sat about a table eating the delicious dumplings, over which Anne poured a savory sauce, and each declared that none but good arts had been used in the concoction of Mistress Anne's excellent apple dumplings.

So she was not burnt for a witch, after all, and shortly after Mrs. Popkins the elder went back to England. Whatever other folks said, she declared she knew her daughter-in-law was a witch. How else had her son been brought to marry her?

And the day that she sailed away was the first day of her wedded life that little Mistress Anne had ever felt that her husband's name of Grateful-all-your-days Popkins really belonged to them.

FOLLOWING A WHALE.

A ship arrived at Bristol, not long ago, after a successful whaling voyage. Once thousands of vessels tracked the great sea monsters in search of oil, but the discoveries of the mineral article have made the trade no longer remunerative, or at least much less a object of pursuit. The ship referred to was the West Wind, commanded by Captain Parker, who had a most perilous adventure during the cruise which came very near costing him his life. Under the most favorable circumstances the occupation of the whaler is one of great danger and physical trial, and very few ships ever return to port without losing one or more hands by the ordinary exigencies of the service.

It seems that Captain Parker was out from his ship with a boat's crew, chasing a whale, and having fastened his harpoon to the creature, it dived, as usual, and the line, coiled in the bows of the boat, began to run out with lightning speed, as the monster sunk to the extreme depth of the ocean. At this critical juncture Captain Parker went to the forward part of the boat, to be sure that there was no twist in the rope to prevent its working clear. The line was running out with such rapidity as to cause the smoke to arise from the woodwork of the boat, and the Captain threw water, as is the custom; but by an unlucky lurch of the boat he was canted from his position, and he naturally threw out his left hand to prevent himself from falling, but in so doing he placed it so that the rope coiled around his wrist, and he was overboard and out of sight in an instant.

He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down headforemost, and with an incredible swiftness, and it seemed to him that his arm would be torn from the socket, so great was the resistance of the water. During these awful moments he was well aware of his perilous situation, and knew that his only chance for life was to cut the line. But how could he do this? He could not move his hand from his side, to which it was closely pressed by the force of the element through which he was being drawn. The pressure on his brain grew more and more terrible, and a roaring as of thunder sounded in his ears. For an instant he opened his eyes, and it seemed as though a stream of fire was passing before them; and now came that inevitable activity of the brain which characterizes all such perilous situations where one's life seems to pass in review in an instant of time. But the captain was a very practical man, cool and courageous always, and consequently still self-possessed.

He began to struggle with all his muscular power to reach the knife which he wore at his belt. He felt that he was growing weaker every instant, and it was now or never with him, though we should say, parenthetically, that what requires so long to describe, occurred in time that was reckoned by seconds rather than minutes. Oh! if he could command but his right hand for one stroke upon that fatal line! Now his heart began to fail him. He did not absolutely despair, but his brain reeled, his nerves seemed to alternate before his eyeballs, and his head seemed to be compressed in an iron vice. Were these his last moments? He thought, in spite of the agonizing pain, he would make one more brave effort.

The line providentially slackened for a second; he reached his knife, and quick as thought itself, as the rope became taut again, the keen edge of the knife was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his arm it became severed. He was freed, and then commenced his upward passage, caused by the natural buoyancy of the human body. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocating, a gurgling spasm, and all was over until he awoke to an agonizing pain of reviving consciousness in the arms of his boat's crew. Truly one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record.—*Cleveland Times.*

THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE.—Fire, the common source of heat, of light, and of life, and the active principle of a multitude of industries, and of metallurgical industry in particular, is unquestionably one of the greatest conquests achieved by man over nature.

The discovery of fire was more than a benefit; it was, in fact, a giant stride on the road to civilization. With fire arose sociability, the family, the sacred joys of the domestic hearth, all industries, all arts, together with the wonders they have produced, and still produce from day to day. Hence we can readily understand how it is that fire has even been and still is, among many nations, the object of a special worship, (priests of Baal, Ghebers, Hindoo, Brahmans, Roman vestals, priestesses of the sun in Peru, etc.,) and that it has often figured in the religious or funeral rites of nations most remote from one another, both in time and space, as the Chaldees, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Peruvians, Mexicans, etc. But how and when was this great discovery made, in the absence of which we can hardly conceive of the possibility of human arts or even of human existence? Did man, as we are told in the myths of India and Greece, steal fire from heaven; or did he, as other legends affirm, take advantage of spontaneous forest-fires, arising from the violent rubbing together of dry branches under the action of the wind, or finally, was man so ingenious from the beginning as to devise one of those simple and practical contrivances by means of which certain savage and half-civilized tribes in our own time obtain the fire they need for their daily uses?—*Popular Science Monthly.*

You should see a woman try to pass a millinery store where an advance courier of fashion in the shape of a new style bonnet has just been placed in the window. She knows her own weakness and looks resolutely away, until she is really past. Then one eye lolls a little and it catches the tip of an ostrich feather. Oh such a lovely new collar! and she steals just one look and the mischief is done! When her husband goes home to supper he has his favorite muffins, and she hovers around him like a humming-bird, and presently she comes out with that hat on—just tipped on one side enough to set off the feather, and says so coaxingly, "isn't it too sweet, and so cheap. Won't George's wife be fit to die with envy," and he smiles resignedly and takes out the twenty dollars. There's diplomacy for you!

THEY MET AND PARTED.

About twenty years ago a steamship sailed from a European port to this country. Among those on board were a French Hugenot gentleman and a young English lady. They had never met before; but no sooner did they see each other than an attachment sprang up between them, which soon ripened, upon acquaintance, into mutual esteem and enduring love. The vessel, when seven days out, struck upon Cape Race Rock, and became a total wreck. Most of the passengers were saved, among them the two persons alluded to, and landed, in small boats, at Chance Cove, a few miles north of the cape. Here they remained for several days, living *a la* Robinson Crusoe, until they were observed by a coasting vessel and taken off in small parties to St. John, New Foundland. At this place the subjects of my story were united in marriage. The only means of getting away from St. John was either to wait for the relief steamers, which the captain of the wrecked vessel had (by way of St. John, New Brunswick,) telegraphed to his port of destination in the United States for, or take the fortnightly mail steamer to Halifax. As this latter course involved the payment of passage, and most of our shipwrecked people had lost their all on the sharp-pointed rocks of Cape Race, but few could avail themselves of it. On the other hand, to await the relief vessel involved a further detention at St. John of, it was believed, fully two months—not a very pleasant prospect in such a place. In this dilemma our hero resolved upon a *ruse*. He and his wife hid themselves in different places on board the Halifax steamer when she was ready to sail. Their plan was to remain concealed until she was out at sea, and then to discover themselves. The gentleman had friends at Halifax, and knew he could obtain funds when he arrived there. They were both young, giddy creatures, and hardly understood the foolish nature of their enterprise.

Well, the vessel put to sea; and, after a few hours of seclusion, the French gentleman made his appearance. This was the signal for a volley of curses from the captain of the vessel, and a cruel order condemning the stow-a-way to the martyrdom of a coal-bunker. But our hero cared nothing for either the heat of the furnace or the smut of the coal. He had gained his passage, and his misery would be over in two days. The only thing he cared about was his wife. So he went to work at stoking coal with a will, determined first to allow the captain's rage to blow over, and then to search out his hidden sweetheart.

Imagine his horror and despair when he heard, shortly afterward, from a brother stoker, that his wife had been discovered before the vessel left port and put ashore. In vain had she called upon her husband, who could not hear her; in vain had she asserted to the infuriated captain that her husband was stowed away on the vessel, and that she would not be parted from him. She was heard with derision, and treated as an unscrupulous and vicious person; so that she was doubtless landed in St. John not only *minus* a husband, but also *minus* a character for respectability. At least this was the conclusion to which her unhappy husband arrived at as he looked over the trackless waters about the vessel, and cursed the repeated misfortunes they had visited upon him. However, there was no help for the situation until he could reach Halifax.

Next day, or the day after, he was kicked, rather than put ashore, and found himself in the streets of Halifax in a guise so suspicious that, but for his obvious air of gentility, he would not have been received at the Arcadian Hotel, where he had the courage to apply for board.

To make the story short, he succeeded in finding his friends, and having his drafts honored, a thing he could not accomplish in Newfoundland. Then he offered to pay for his stolen passage in the steamer, an offer which was impudently refused by the agents. He finally took passage back in the same vessel for St. John, with the view of rescuing his wife from her uncomfortable and perilous position there.

But new troubles were in store for him. When he arrived at St. John he found that the relief vessel from the States came before she was expected, and that his wife had taken passage in her. She had left a letter behind for him, explaining that she had deemed it best to pursue this course rather than lose the only opportunity that promised of getting away from a place so odious, and where she had no friends; that she could not be certain of the success of his enterprise to Halifax; that she had written to him at Halifax, and to their common port of destination in the States, to the same effect; and that she would await his arrival at the last-named place at the house of the friends with whom she was traveling.

As it subsequently turned out, it seems that this inexperienced young creature had made two very important mistakes. In the first place the relief-vessel did not go to the port to which the wrecked vessel was bound; in the second place, her friends did not live at the last named place, but somewhere else, supposed to be out West. So that when, after many detentions, our heart-broken Frenchman found his way to the port of destination, he could discover no trace of his wife.

Among the requirements of the State laws upon immigration is one that demands of each alien passenger his name, vocation, place of destination, etc. After some weeks of knocking about at the seaport our Frenchman heard of this requirement of the laws and commenced to search the records of the State bureau of immigration, in the hope of finding his wife's name and destination. Although he expended a good deal of time and money in this search, the archives were so fragmentary and disordered that nothing came of it; neither did he obtain any intelligence through the post-office.

Ten years have passed away. About this time a Federal Bureau of Immigration (now abolished) was established in the State Department. I have, in a previous paper, explained how the functions of this came to be turned over to the Bureau of Statistics.

Well, one day, some two years later, a card, bearing a well-known French Huguenot name, was brought into my office. The bearer of the card was introduced. He was a young man, of medium stature, of an intellectual appearance, and bore the traces of long suffering. His object in visiting me was to solicit permission to examine the lists of immigration passengers which he understood were filed in my bureau. I explained to him that, although the statistical returns of immigration were compiled and collated in my office, the list of passengers, if there were any such lists, were required by law to be deposited in the State Department. Upon this he apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew.

About two hours afterward he came again—this time with a look of the deepest dejection, almost in tears. "Oh, sir," said he, "for the love of God, help me to find my wife!" and he related to me the story I have just told. It seems that he had gone to the State Department, and, being accorded permission to search the archives, had found them in such utter confusion—letters, newspapers, returns, copies, books, maps, all higgledy-piggledy, without dates, order or arrangement—as to render it a physical impossibility to search them.—Presuming on the interest which he thought his previous brief visit had awakened in me, he had come to ask my advice what to do.

I told him that, with regard to the archives of the State Department, it did not concern him, in respect of the matter in hand, what condition they were in; that his story placed the arrival of his wife in this country twelve years back, and that the Federal Bureau of immigration had not been established over two years. It could not, therefore, possess any list of passengers upon which his wife's name as an immigrant was recorded. I advised him to advertise in the personal columns of the leading seaport and interior newspapers. He listened with what I fancied was an air of incredulity to my explanation about the State Department archives, evidently believing still that they must have his wife's name and destination on record there, and thanked me for my advice, which I saw very plainly was not to his liking. A few weeks afterwards I read in the papers that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a dueling pistol. Some lines were found in his pocket addressed to "Julia."

It is true that this story turns not upon the bad condition of the Federal (but of the State) archives, nevertheless it incidentally even refers to the former, and shows the archives of the Federal, State and Foreign Departments are, or at least were then, in as confused a state as those of the Treasury.—*A. Pelmar.*

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.—The burning Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

The French entered the city November 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the seventeenth a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the eighteenth the whole city appeared as a sea of flame, and by the twentieth nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000.

The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the order of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the order of the governor, Rostoptchin, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would venture such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample preparations had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city.

In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000, and beyond this it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and the almost complete annihilation, of the great French army.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—The father who for a great portion of his life has struggled with poverty is unwilling that his children should have a similar experience. So he denies himself indulgence in even necessary things that he may save and make for his family. The mother, remembering how irksome household tasks were to her in her girlhood, permits her daughters to lead lives of domestic ease and indolence, thinking that in so doing she makes the best manifestation in her power of maternal love. As a natural consequence of this view on the part of parents, we see growing up all around us young men and women perfectly useless for all the practical purposes of life—unable to cope with misfortune. Intellectual or moral fibre is not inherent; it must be built up from within and is the result of independent thought and action. The sooner a boy can be made to wait upon himself, to think for himself, the sooner will the germs of true manhood begin to develop within him. It is no kindness to surround him with such attention and care that he will not be compelled to learn the lessons of self-reliance, of patient industry, of persistent hope. The real crowns of this world are crowns of labor.

HONOR TO PARENTS.—Parents, many of them, have ceased to command their household after them. Children at a very early age cease to honor their parents. Boys are young men, girls are young ladies, before they are into their teens. And when a boy sets up to judge for himself as to his hours and habits, in spite of his father's wishes, and a girl assumes to know more than her mother about her company and her dress, the rebellion has broken out, and, unless it is put down, the ruin of domestic peace, and very likely of happiness and hope, follows naturally. When I hear a boy speaking of his father, as "the old man," or "the governor," I know there is a screw loose, and the boy has taken a long step toward the bad. And the girl who pouts when reproved by her mother, and jerks off her bonnet in a pet when restrained from going abroad, has already mutinied against the law of Heaven, and entered the road that leads to a gulf from which there is no return.

DECEPTION one cannot see through—A glass eye.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Nov. 24, 1876.

Still on the Ragged Edge.

Another week has passed, and up to this (Wednesday) afternoon the question is still undetermined who is the legally and constitutionally elected President of the United States. That Samuel J. Tilden, as we stated last week, received by the admitted returns 184 electoral votes, is conceded by common consent. Tilden therefore only falls *one* vote below 185, the necessary number for a choice. Hayes, the Republican candidate, received 166 votes, or just 19 votes *less* than are required to elect.—There is no dispute about these facts. The vote of the *three* States of Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana is yet to be finally determined by that anomlay in ascertaining the true and honest vote of a State, called and well and infamously known as—a Returning Board. One week ago yesterday Gov. Hayes, in a speech in Columbus to a serenading party, admitted his defeat, and both parties throughout the whole country from Maine to Oregon believed and said the same thing.

It was well known on last Friday in Washington by Grant and his cabinet that in order to defeat Tilden, who had a majority of the popular vote of more than three hundred and fifty thousand, it was a political necessity to deliberately cheat him out of *one* of the three States mentioned, and by that process elect Hayes by giving him all of them. Grant ordered troops to be sent to Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, where the returning board of the State meets. Troops were also despatched to Columbia, South Carolina, and to New Orleans. In all this military business Grant said and still says that his purpose was to preserve the peace while the returning boards were in session counting returns. It may be, as the New York *World* says, that Grant in his military order to Sherman meant what he said, a fair count of the returns, or it may have been a deliberate purpose on his part to overawe the solemn verdict rendered through the ballot boxes in Louisiana and Florida. The Louisiana returning board met on Monday in New Orleans for the purpose of counting the returns of the election in the different parishes of that State. The board is composed of J. Madison Wells, Grant's Surveyor of the Port of N. Orleans, Anderson, and two negroes, Casanave and Kenner, all radicals. Wells is a man of infamous political reputation, and has been denounced on former occasions for his corrupt practices as a member of this same returning board, even by Gen. Sheridan, the right bower and military satrap of General Grant in Louisiana and every place else wherever Grant orders him to execute his unlawful military decrees. The board decided by resolution to allow a committee of *five* of each political party from the North to appear before them and witness the opening and counting of the returns. This business is now going on in New Orleans and it will take some days yet to definitely determine the true and honest vote of that State. No honest man of either party doubts or denies that the vote of Louisiana was cast for Tilden by at least 8,000 majority. Hence we ask, can the honest voters of that State be cheated this returning board out of their votes, or can the Democracy of Florida, who voted for Drew for Governor and Tilden for President, be cheated and disfranchised by the returning board of said state?

Of South Carolina we speak elsewhere. It will take some days yet to ascertain the actual result there, but in the meantime let prudence and good sense control the feelings of the people, and the result, as finally determined, will vindicate the right of the majority to rule and that their sovereign voice must and shall be obeyed.

P. S.—The latest and most encouraging reports to-day (Thursday) point clearly to the fact that Florida and Louisiana will have to be counted by the respective returning boards as a clear majority of the people of those States decided at the polls—in favor of Tilden and Reform. We believe moreover, from the very latest dispatches received from the two States named, that the conspiracy to defraud Tilden out of his election and to fraudulently count in Hayes, will meet with miserable failure, and that the overwhelming verdict of the people of the Union in favor of the election of Samuel J. Tilden will be peaceably submitted to as the clearly expressed wish of the nation.

If "the Cambria county editors who spend the larger portion of their time in denouncing each other as everything that is evil are," as the *Standard* avers, "a sweet scented lot to instruct the Democrats of Blair county as to their duty," what kind of a scent was it that lingered around the editor of the Tyrone *Democrat* when he indited the following exceedingly pointed and unmistakably personal paragraph in reference to the very question at issue?

By the last *Standard* we have the reason why its editor so frequently finds its necessary to vote for a Republican candidate for State Senator—"unpopular and unworthy candidates" on the Democratic ticket.—Strange indeed that *every* Senatorial nomination made by the Democracy against Col. Lemon should be so "unpopular and unworthy" as to fall under the displeasure of the editor of the *Standard* and compel him, on *high moral principles*, to vote for Colonel Lemon. However, we trust it was not necessary this year, as it was last, for Col. Lemon to seduce the Republican window-book man away from his post that the editor of the *Standard* might get his vote in without challenge for non-payment of taxes.

THE next Legislature of this State will stand politically as follows:

	Senate.	House.	Total.
Republicans	31	120	151
Democrats	19	81	100
	12	39	

Republican majority on joint ballot, 51.

CASANAVE is not the only knave, we regret to say, among the members of the Louisiana returning board.

WHAT manner of man ex-Gov. Wells, the head of the Louisiana Returning Board, is we can discover without accepting the descriptions given of him by Democratic correspondents. There is an official portrait on file which answers every purpose, and the artist is Geo. F. Hoar, the distinguished Republican of Massachusetts.—The "Louisiana outrage," as it is called, though it is but one of the many to which that unhappy State has been subjected, was the marching of United States troops into the Louisiana Legislature in 1875 in order to prevent certain members from taking their seats in that body. The order was given by Kellogg, and the whole proceedings were sustained by Federal authority, a member of the Cabinet telegraphing Gen. Sheridan that all of them "approved" his course. An investigation was made and a report given to the Republican House by Mr. Hoar on the legality of the election of certain members who had been returned as elected by the Returning Board, and whose claim to the seats of the rightfully decided members the soldiers had been called in to enforce. Mr. Hoar says this about the man who proposes to count in Gov. Hayes:

"The parish of Rapides chose three members of the Legislature; the returns elected all three conservatives, and when the proofs closed, the only paper filed with the U. S. Supervisor showed that the election was in all respects full, fair and free. It was not known in the parish that any contest existed against these members. They left their homes and proceeded to New Orleans to be present at the opening of the Legislature, no intimation of contesting their seats or objection to their election having been given by their opponents. At one of their last sessions the Returning Board declared all the Republican members elected from that parish. *When the papers of the Returning Board were produced before your committee there was found among them an affidavit by* Mr. WELLS, *the President of the Board, declaring that intimidation had existed at certain polls in that parish, and that the returns from those polls should therefore be rejected.* The counsel of the Democratic Committee testified that they had no opportunity to contradict the statements of this paper; that they had never seen or heard of it before, and that upon examination of the papers before the Board, when the proofs closed, it was not among them. The counsel of the Republican Committee reserved the right to make explanation on this point, but offered none. The affidavit was dated the —— day of December, 1874. It appeared that Governor Wells was not himself in the parish on the day of election, and though, at the opening of their first session, your committee declared their intention to examine into the action of the Returning Board, Governor Wells never came forward as a witness. At the close of our proceeding, leave was asked that his deposition might be given in. This was declined, and Mr. Wells was himself invited to appear before the committee. But he never came. Leave was also given for taking his testimony by commission if he desired, but was not availed of. *Your committee are therefore constrained to declare that the action of the Returning Board, in rejecting these returns in the parish of Rapides and giving the seats for that parish to the Republican candidates, was arbitrary, unfair and without warrant of law.*"

This is the man who still stands at the head of the Returning Board of Louisiana, and now proposes to cast the electoral vote of that State for Hayes by throwing out votes here and votes there, and taking votes here and votes there, all in sufficient quantity to elect Hayes. It is interesting, therefore, to know just what Republicans like Geo. F. Hoar thought of him a year and a half ago.

OFFICIAL returns from six States—all yet received—which went for Grant in 1872, show some significant changes. Of these Maryland and Virginia went for Tilden, giving him a total majority of 62,905—a Democratic majority of 64,794. Ohio, New Hampshire, Illinois and South Carolina, if the returns may be accepted as correct in the last instance, went for Hayes and gave him a majority over Tilden of 28,712—a Republican loss of 121,155. Here are the figures as collated by the Phila. *Times:*

Maryland in 1872 gave Grant a majority of 75 votes, but in the next year returned to the Democratic faith with a majority of 20,000. Last year Governor Carroll had a majority of 12,924 in a total vote of 157,980, and this year Tilden's majority was 19,799 in a total vote of 163,761. The aggregate Congressional majority was 17,336. This shows a gain of seven per cent. in the Democratic vote since last year, with a slight decrease in the Republican vote. Compared with 1872 the Democratic gain is thirty-four per cent. and the Republican, seventeen.

Virginia gave Grant a majority of 1,814 but elected Kemper Governor in 1873 by 27,239 majority. This year it gave Tilden a majority of 43,106. The Democratic vote increased fifty per cent. in four years; the Republican vote two per cent. The Democratic Congressmen had an aggregate majority of 45,716.

Ohio gave Grant a majority of 37,531, and Hayes last year for Governor 5,549. This year his majority was 7,242, a gain of 606 over Barnes' vote in a total of 659,757. The Democratic vote increased thirty-three per cent. over 1872 and ten per cent. over last year. The Republican vote increased nineteen per cent. over 1872 and eleven per cent. over last year.

New Hampshire gave 5,743 majority to Grant, but Governor Cheney had only 172 majority. This year Hayes had 3,090 majority. The Democratic vote increased 25 per cent. over 1872, and fell off 2 per cent. from 1875. The Republican increased 10 per cent. over 1872 and 3 per cent. over 1875.

South Carolina gave Grant a majority of 49,587, and Chamberlain, in 1874, 11,589. This year Hayes has a majority of 974. The Democratic vote has increased, since 1872, 340 per cent. and the Republican 25 per cent. Comment on these figures seems superfluous.

In Illinois Hayes has a majority of 17,406 and a plurality of about 1,500. Grant had a majority of 57,006, and there has been no vote since then which brought out the party strength.

WE have frequently been asked the question whether the Legislature of this State will be required to vote for a United States Senator at its next session, which commences on the first Tuesday in January next. We answer that it will not—that Simon Cameron was elected Senator in 1873 and that his term will not expire until the 4th of March, 1879. In the meantime there will be another election in this State, that is in 1878, the result of which may put quite a different aspect on the question of who will be Simon Cameron's successor. Time, we hope, will make all things even with Simon and his son Don, Grant's new Secretary of War.

THE *Sun* thinks this theory of the Grant politicians that the President is not to be chosen by the American people at the polls nor by their representatives assembled, but by two white and two black rogues down in Louisiana, with the President of the Senate "acting in a ministerial capacity," is hardly tenable.

Who Can Afford It?

Under the above caption Col. A. K. McClure, the fearless and able editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, an Independent Republican journal which is admitted on all hands to be one of the best edited and best conducted papers in the country, very plainly deleniates the disastrous effects of a false and fraudulent count of the votes polled in either or all of the States now in dispute. Col. McClure says:

It seems impossible for the nation to escape the false and fraudulent return, under color of corruptly conceived, enacted and executed law, of Rutherford B. Hayes as President elect. Chandler and Cameron are in accord with Kellogg and Packard, who have been condemned and spurned by the highest Republican councils of the country, and the President will be content with the shadow of the law, while its substance perishes before the mastery of wrong. Who can afford it?

Can Rutherford B. Hayes afford it? He is esteemed an honest man. In all the heat and bitterness of the conflict his integrity was not successfully assailed.—Among his most effective champions were those who believed and taught that he would make a better and purer administration, and there were tens of thousands who voted for him with either strong or hesitating trust in his sincere devotion to the right. Not one of all such of his supporters will for a moment sanction his acceptance of the highest honor of a free people, when it is borne to him, as it must be, by a monstrous pollution of the ballot, and a revolutionary defiance of the popular will of his countrymen. It is possible that he might thus reach the Presidency, but it would be only to meet with the sullen obedience of a great people, until they can stamp their terrible execrations upon his conscious usurpation of their noblest authority

Can Republicanism afford it? It has written the brightest annals in the history of man's best efforts for man. It taught the Republic its grandest duties when the conflict came for the triumph of liberty or bondage, and it presented to the world the sublimest picture of the patriotism of a free people. It could have ruled, from generation to generation, the country that was disenthralled under its government, and none would have been more sincerely its friends and partisans than both races of the now desolated and chaotic South. But it bowed to mean ambition and to the hunger of the spoiler; its garlands have faded under the blight of the wrong-doer, and its columns are beslimed by the track of the crawling jobber. It has had line upon line of earnest admonition, but it has followed its corrupt pretenders, and discarded its faithful friends because they were just. Its majority in the Northern States, which gave it birth and victory, is now over half a million less than four years ago, and the nation has entered a solemn judgment of three hundred thousand majority against its further abuse of power. And it was done for a party that is not loved, but for a leader who is trusted as better than his party. Gladly would the country return to a regenerated Republicanism if a temporary Democratic triumph can effect such regeneration; but the party that violently assumes power against the honest and lawful expression of the people, must welcome death with victory. It will fall like the Son of the Morning, to rise no more. Can Republicanism afford thus to die?

Can capital and business afford it? Distrust in government is destruction to business, to credit, to prosperity. The violent resistance to real or imaginary wrong may, like the tempest, give a pure and wholesome atmosphere; but the subversion of free government by palpable fraud, will be like the subtle poison that courses its way to the vitals of the Republic. Even the color of law, behind which fraud may take refuge, will but deepen, and widen the despair of the people and teach to all that the laws of the noblest government of the world are but the shield of lawlessness. It will be the accepted deliverance to mankind that free government has perished from the earth. Its form may linger for years to come, but its life, its inspiration, its grandeur must wither upon its own long worshiped but now desecrated altar. It will end hope, progress, thrift; it will wound credit, close the markets of the world against us, and flood us with the millions of obligations for which, in our better and purer days, we have been trusted. The pall of doubt will hang over every enterprise, and capital will seek safety by withdrawal from the uncertain protection of an uncertain government.

Can the nation afford it? It needs no prophetic pen to foretell the early overthrow of the present political domination of the country, even with all the arbitrary power it can wield for its protection against the popular will. And when overthrown, what then? If usurpation is sanctioned now in Louisiana and Florida, who will gainsay its exercise in Pennsylvania or New York or Massachusetts when the next political power is called to account by an outraged people? If might, not right, is to be the law of to day, who shall say it may not be the law of Democracy in the future that now inevitably belongs to it? If contempt for justice in the execution of our laws shall not be taught as a precedent for those who shall reach power hereafter, what will be left of free government that an honest people can worship or respect? Who will not point to the countless graves of our warriors on the hillsides and in the valleys of the South, as a weird reproach upon a patriotism that will not, in peace, maintain the freedom that was rescued in the valley of death? Who can afford it?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Col. Jas. F. Milliken has issued an order commanding company commanders of the fifth regiment to "*at once*" place their commands in such condition as to be ready to march on short notice. Company drills are to be held three evenings each week. "Commands not already supplied with cartridges will send in their requisitions immediately."

In view of the present perilous and distracted condition of the country, such an order is incendiary and criminal. Its author shows a lack of judgment and patriotism which should call down upon him the censure of the public, as well as those in authority. His resignation should be demanded at once. This is not the time to stir up angry passions, and yet Col. Milliken flaunts in the face of our people his order commanding his troops to prepare for war. We say to Col. Milliken that he has shown himself unworthy of his position and nothing but his immediate resignation will satisfy the public. The country may be in great danger, but we hope the efforts of patriots and the firmness of the people will cause the conspirators against the ballot to halt before they plunge the nation into another civil war. But if it does come, woe be unto the men whose crime and insolence have brought it about.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

—The totals of receipts at the Centennial Exhibition from all sources from May 10 to November 10 may be stated approximately as follows: From admission fees, $3,813,724; from concessions, $290,000; from percentage or royalties, $205,010; grand total, $4,308,735. The Chinese Government has presented to the United States the general ethnological and industrial collection in the Government building.

Can They Afford It?

The New York *Herald*, an independent paper which as it says bears allegiance to neither party, in its issue of Saturday last concludes an able and exhaustive review of the political situation in the following terse, truthful and temperate terms:

Under these circumstances we repeat that the Republican leaders cannot afford to count in Governor Hayes without such precautions about the count as shall absolutely set at rest all doubts upon the subject. They cannot afford it, because to do so would outrage the sense of fair play and honest dealing which lies at the bottom of the American character; because the uncertainty and doubt resulting from a well-founded suspicion of wrong would make themselves felt in the most deplorable depression of business; in a shock to national and private credit; in the depreciation of our bonds; in the sending home of American securities; in a general feeling of insecurity, which would send gold into the fifties or higher; would paralyze industry and trade; would cause thousands of business failures, and would, in fact, bankrupt the country.

We will grant everything to the Republican leaders; grant that they observe every particle of the bad laws they have enacted down there; grant that they not only count in Mr. Hayes, but carry the count through Congress; grant that they actually install Mr. Hayes in the White House on the 4th of March; and, after all, if they have not completely satisfied the intelligent public opinion of the country that the count is just and honest, nothing they can do will give either content or security or permanence to the general interests of the country. All industries and commerce will be struck with paralysis. No capitalist will venture on enterprises; no merchant will dare to lay in a stock of goods, because no prudent consumer will buy more than he needs from week to week; no sensible man will buy our bonds or hold them; no manufacturer will venture to produce beyond his actual cash orders; credit between man and man will be gone; the number of the unemployed will increase tenfold; poverty and want will overwhelm the country.

Now, an administration producing such effects upon the country, and producing them by the mere fact of its holding power, could not hope to exist beyond the next election. All the causes which affect public opinion and turn votes would co-operate to sweep the Republican leaders into disgraceful retirement. Their President would find himself, from the day he entered the White House, an object of suspicion and dislike to the great majority of his fellow-citizens and an object of contemptuous pity to his personal friends and political allies. At the close of two years he would be faced by a Congress in which both houses would be his political opponents, sent there by an indignant and suffering people. What is the use of a victory? To such adventurers as Spencer, Chamberlain, Packard, Kellogg, Elliott, Moses, Whipper and their allies in the South anything which will keep them in power and plunder for even another year will be satisfactory. But there are honorable men among the Republican leaders of the North. Can they afford to sacrifice the ideas for which they have acted—can they afford to sacrifice themselves in such a way? We believe not.

THE Chicago *Tribune*, the leading Republican paper of the Northwest, which earnestly supported Hayes for President, joins the Springfield *Republican*, another journal of the same political stripe, in opposing the contemplated fraud in Louisiana. It says:

"It will be difficult for a northern man of any party to understand how 2,000 voters of one party in a county can be so successfully intimidated by 1,000 as to be unable to approach the polls, though the latter were protected, or supposed to be, by the United States supervisors. If the facts be as stated, and we have tried to collate them fairly from the statements of both sides, the Republicans of Louisiana and the country have to bear the consequences of the panic which seems to have so stricken the colored voters in these five districts. We look upon it as a calamity, because we know of no legal remedy. The American people will never engage in a civil war to uphold the counting of votes never cast or offered to be cast, or to reject lawful votes legally cast and recorded on the poll lists."

"THE term 'Bulldozers,' which is so variously printed in the New Orleans despatches is the name applied to an organization of armed white men, whose ostensible business it is to keep the negroes from stealing the cotton crop. On election day, however, the 'Bulldozers' go gunning for negroes who manifest a disposition to vote the Republican ticket."—*Tribune.*

Quite the contrary. The term "Bulldozers" was applied to emissaries sent out by Kellogg and Packard to foment disturbances between the whites and blacks, with the hope of obtaining "outrage" material. It is true that the word was afterward appropriated by the robber gang and converted from its legitimate application. Having stolen about everything of value in Louisiana, they could not even keep their hands off the worthless epithets of their opponents.—*World.*

THE attendance at the Centennial Exposition as compared with international exhibitions of other countries shows the following results:

Year.	*Place.*	*No. of Visitors.*	*Receipts.*	*Days Open.*
1851	London	6,039,195	$2,530,000	141
1855	Paris	5,162,330	640,500	200
1862	London	6 211,103	2 360,000	171
1867	Paris	10,000,000	2,822,932	210
1873	Vienna	7,254,687	2,000,000	186
1876	Philad'a	9,907,125	3,850,000	159

An important fact in connection with the above showing is the aggregate population within seven days' travel of the Centennial Exhibition does not exceed 45,000,000, while the aggregate population within seven days' travel of either of the great exhibitions was not far short of 200,000,000.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON, frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not yet been ascertained is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a locality in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea in which the mud thus remains in solution, is a mystery; but at any rate the ocean is so smooth, that during even the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there, are as safe when inside a breaker.

—The body of Baron de Palm, an Austrian nobleman who died in New York in May last, is to be cremated in Dr. LeMoyne's crematory at Washington, Pa., on the 6th of next month. The body has been preserved in an antiseptic powder. This will be the second cremation in the United States. The first was that of Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, fifty years ago. Mr. Laurens succeeded John Hancock as President of the Continental Congress. Before he died he directed his son to burn his body, upon pain of disinheritance, and the son filially obeyed.

News and Other Notings.

—Union, Ky., has a child with a perfectly formed foot where a hand ought to be.

—In a French family who work at a mill in Slatersville, R. I., there are four pairs of twins.

—Mr. Franklin Steltz, of Pottstown, has a double barreled fowling piece which has been in his family for 110 years.

—In Trenton, N. J., is a stallion named Wild American, sixteen hands high, whose mane is so long that it touches the ground when he holds his head well up.

—The *Thunder Bay Sentinel*, Lake Superior, announces the drowning of a young man named O'Neil from breaking through the ice on the 19th of October last.

—In the case of Makowski, tried at Pottsville last week for killing his wife, the jury on Saturday brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree.

—Seventy-six years ago last Friday the Capitol of these United States was removed from Philadelphia and Washington made the seat of the national government.

—A passenger train was thrown from the track on the Iron Mountain railroad, near Malvern, Mo., on Friday, by a broken rail. Twenty-eight persons were injured, but none killed.

—Eight of the original thirteen States cast their votes for Samuel J. Tilden—Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina and Virginia.

—An Austin (Nev.) wife says she knows of five husbands in that town who have been made drunkards by the excitement of the late political campaign, her own husband being one of the number.

—Samuel McMurnen and D. Holerin were killed on the railroad near the Panhandle Road house, in the eastern part of Columbus, Ohio, on Friday night, by being run over by a freight train.

—Charleston has seventeen representatives in the lower House of the General Assembly. Of the seventeen nominated by the Republicans, fifteen are negroes, and of the fifteen only twelve can read and write.

—Sunday evening, as Mr. J. B. Reese, of Minersville, Schuylkill county, a member of the Welsh Congregational church of that place, was addressing the congregation he fell dead. He was about 65 years of age.

—The oldest Catholic priests in the United States are Father Keenan, of Lancaster Pa.; Father McElroy, the Jesuit, who was Chaplain in the United States Army during the war, and Father Dominick Young, the Dominican.

—Senator James S. Rutan, of Beaver, Secretary Quay's right bower, has been appointed collector of customs at Pittsburg in place of Steel, resigned. Rutan, backed by Mackey, Errett and Don Cameron, had an easy victory.

—William Rank, who has sat upon the bench of Lebanon county as Associate Judge for more than thirty years, was re-elected on the 7th by a complimentary vote. Judge Rank is the oldest official of his class in the State.

—The particulars of the recent hurricane in the West Indies show the storm to have been of unprecedented violence. The destruction of property on land and sea was very great. No less than forty-five vessels where wholly or partially wrecked.

—At Nelson, Louisiana, a few days ago, a snake appeared before a house, and the inmates ran to kill it, but the reptile crept off to a hole. In digging up the dirt around the hole in order to find the snake, a jar was found containing $400 in gold and silver.

—It is related that during a recent public welcome given to General Butler at Bangor, Maine, there was stretched across a street a flag bearing the motto: "Welcome to General Butler, the 'Hero of Five Forks,' and God knows how many spoons."

—Two men, named Mullen and Hughes, the former a saloon-keeper, the latter a counterfeiter, have been arrested in Chicago, on the charge of attempting to steal the remains of President Lincoln from his tomb, in Springfield, on the night of the 7th inst.

—Governor Hartranft has issued a warrant for the execution, on the 13th day of January, 1877, of Allen C. Laros, convicted in Northampton county, on the 30th day of August last, of the murder of Martin Laros, and sentenced Oct. 30, 1876, to be hanged.

—The grangers' encampment building, located at Elm station, near Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday evening. The building and contents were valued at $80,000, upon which there is an insurance of $50,000.

—While Lord Duflerin was traveling in Egypt a servant came to the door of his tent, and said in a dolorous voice, "If you please, my lord, the corpse has come aboard." By this depressing title he was pleased to designate a mummy discovered in a rock temple.

—Hon. John Kelly, chief of the Tammany Society, was married in New York at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning to Miss Theresa Mullen, niece of Cardinal McCloskey, who performed the ceremony. The wedding was a private one, none but relatives of the contracting parties being present.

—Whoever is our next President will get an odd chair to sit in. It is made of the skins and claws of grizzly bears, with a ferocious head cunningly concealed under the seat, which snaps viciously when touched by a spring in the rear. Seth Kinman, an old hunter and trapper, is the maker.

—The body of a daughter of P. Lynch, fourteen years of age, was found on Monday night last, near Brady's Landing, Neb., bearing marks of having been outraged. Suspicion points to a tramp who was seen near the premises the day previous, and who is now under arrest waiting further developments.

—The Reading *Eagle* says that while Harvey, a four year-old son of Adam Shoener, living in Marion township, was playing in the barnyard with seven grown persons and within talking distance, he fell dead. He had several bruises on his body and his arm was fractured. No one knows the cause of his death.

—A Reuter telegram from Calcutta states that later accounts say that one hundred and twenty thousand persons perished during the cyclone which passed through Eastern Bengal on the 31st of October. The Government is taking active steps for the relief of the distressed population of the district.

—Two districts in Northumberland county, the borough of Snydertown and Coal township, lost their vote on the Presidential ticket, as the election officers returned the votes for the different candidates for President and Vice President, instead of for the electors. The court declined to count the votes so returned.

—Jacob Beede, of Oakland, Susquehanna county, who will be 100 years old in May next, walked four miles to the polls on the 7th inst. Mr. Beede was born May 20, 1777, cast his first vote for Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, and has voted at every Presidential election since—sixteen in all.

—On Friday last the Pennsylvania Railroad Company circulated a congratulatory address to the employees of the road for their faithful attention to duties during the Centennial. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad send their employees a check, beginning with the conductors at $100 and so gradually down to the firemen, who received $40 each.

—Wm. McKee has been pardoned by the President and his fine of $10,000 remitted. McKee is the proprietor of the *Globe-Democrat* newspaper in St. Louis, and it has been anticipated that he would be pardoned after the election as soon as the administration could give its mind to "reform within the party." It will now be in order to let out of the penitentiary Altitudinal Joyce.

—A curious case is related in Scott county. The wife of James Marston, of that county, recently obtained a divorce from her husband, and last week Marston, who is only thirty years of age, took consolation by marrying a lady named Crawford, who is only seventy-two. It is supposed that Marston did this for love—or spite, as the lady is not blessed with a great deal of this world's goods.

—A paper balloon, twelve feet long and ten feet in diameter, and stoutly corded, fell at noon on the 11th inst., in Sykes & Simpson's stone quarry, a mile and a half from Franklin, on the New Jersey Midland Railroad, Sussex county, marked as follows: "Sent up by T. C. Brown & Co., 195 Cheapside street, London, E. C. The finder will please communicate at once with the above firm."

—At Youngstown, Ohio, on Thursday, Chas. M. Sterling, who was arrested for outraging and murdering Lizzie Grombacher last June was, after a lengthy trial, for the second time found guilty of murder in the first degree. The crime was almost unparalleled, and there is now every prospect thas Sterling will pay the penalty of it with his life. He has had two trials, and both ended in his conviction.

—Amos Helfrich, a lad of thirteen, whose parents live near Reading, went out to hunt wild grapes on a recent Saturday afternoon. He climbed a tree, but getting on a slippery limb he fell, and his body was caught so tightly in the forks of the tree that he was unable to free himself. There he remained until Monday morning, forty hours, when he was found by accident, and nearly dead from exposure, hunger, and thirst.

—Capt. Collins, of the Sheridan Guards of Philipsburg, opposite Easton, has earned for himself lasting infamy by deserting his wife and six children and eloping with a young girl named Lyach, who is only about thirteen years old. Capt. Collins was the leading spirit of the Sheridan Guards and a member of the Board of Education. The girl was industrious and was employed as a seamstress in Easton.

—During an Episcopal church entertainment at Hill's Hall, Perryville, Madison county, N. Y., Friday evening, the north bent of the floor gave way, precipitating over fifty ladies and children ten or twelve feet to the floor below. Mrs. H. L. Keeler had her right leg broken; Mrs. John Cress and Mrs. David Wells were severely injured about the chest and body; Mrs. Cora Maines had her knee and ankle sprained. Others were painfully bruised. Mrs. Cress may not survive.

THE Springfield (Ill.) *Journal* supported Hayes and wanted to see him elected by votes actually cast. It even claims that many negroes were kept from voting by fear; but for all that, it says: "It is equally idle to talk of counting votes which were not cast, it matters not why. If voters, through fear, remain away from the polls, they forfeit their right to be counted. The law does not accord to any tribunal whatever authority to estimate the vote of men who do not vote."

—The *Christian Intelligencer* gives an interesting account of an ancient parsonage at Somerville, N. J. It was built in 1736 by Andrew Coeyman, a brother of the owner of the Coeyman manor, below Albany. On one occasion Lafayette was a guest in the house, and the hostess had the honor of dancing with him in her richly adorned parlor. She was a daughter of the celebrated James Caldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Elizabethtown, who fell a martyr in his country's service.

—Within the past few weeks, Crawford county has furnished three mothers for nine children. On October 11th, Mrs. C. Davison, of Richmond township, presented her husband with triplets; on November 7th, Mrs. Martin Garrison, of Geneva boro., made a similar gift to her good man; and on Wednesday, November 8th, Mrs. H. Alsdurf, of Sparta township, followed the worthy example of the other ladies. Four boys and five girls in all, and all living but two. Surely Crawford county is doing her part in celebrating the Centennial of our country's independence.

—The evidence in the case of John and Maggie McCarthy, at Bay City, Mich., charged with the murder of their foster child, George Woodard, shows that once the woman put a red-hot iron in the child's mouth, and held his lips tightly against it. Again she held him head foremost down a well. She also frequently placed his fingers in the door and shut the door over them, and at times put them through the clothes wringer. She was also in the habit of striking him on the head with a huge piece of wood. The woman seems to have little anxiety about the situation.

—The Philadelphia *Times* says, as to the issue of the contest: Judge Jere. Black advances the novel idea that it will result in the election of Tilden and Wheeler, in the following manner: He believes Louisiana and Florida gave a majority for Tilden, but that the vote of each will be counted for Hayes, and as a result the votes of those States will be thrown out by Congress when it shall meet to count the electoral vote. This will throw the election of President into the House and of Vice-President into the Senate. The former would undoubtedly elect Tilden and the latter Wheeler. So Judge Black figures it out.

—A party of fifty-six persons left Cincinnati late on last Saturday night in two furniture wagons to attend a German wedding some distance out in the western part of the county. About ten miles out, at the crossing of the West Fork, in the darkness one of the wagons containing thirty-six people was driven off the side of a bridge, falling twenty five feet to the rocks below. Louis Bramlage, aged sixty-seven, had his spine fractured and will probably die; Joseph Meyers had his skull fractured; Mary Kleinburg, aged ten, concussion of the brain, supposed fatally injured; nine or ten others were more or less severely injured.

—A new motive power by means of water, claimed to have been invented by a Mons. Boutet, is largely noticed by Paris papers. A similar invention by Judge McNair of St. Louis, then residing in New York, received repeated trials twelve years ago, but the tremendous pressure of water invariably burst the tank, and the project was abandoned. Mons. Boutet proposes making his tank of an elastic material, which will give way slightly to pressure, but the feasibility of this has yet to be proved. No machine has yet been made. The theory is still on paper, but a realization is promised for the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

—Mr. and Mrs. Yarborough were married in Hickman, Tenn., eight years ago. They were very young, and their engagement and wedding, managed by their parents, was devoid of sentiment. They were divorced a year afterward. This fall they met in Nashville. Mrs. Yarborough was yet only twenty-four years old, and had grown handsome. Mr. Yarborough had also improved in appearance. They fell in love; but this time her parents forbade the intimacy, and locked her in her room. He got her out through a window, they eloped, were chased by her angry father, were remarried, and now seem much better satisfied than when they were united without any row.

Official Vote of Pennsylvania.

| COUNTIES. | | |

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 24, 1876.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—If you have a vest ever since last winter —Now is the time to pull it down.

—Now has it that the limited mail train will be taken off the Pa. R. R. on Sunday next.

—Diphtheria of a very malignant type is said to be quite prevalent in and about Johnstown and Altoona just now.

—Only six days yet until Thanksgiving when all the printer man hears not the cheerful wail of ye turkey "gobble-ier."

—A body of U. S. troops on their way to Washington city cheered loudly for Tilden and Hendricks while in Altoona a few days since.

—A new time table will go into effect on the Pa. R. R. next Sunday, but what effect, if any, it will have on our Branch we have failed to learn.

—Five horses were stolen from the stables of C. H. Armstrong & Son, at Armstrong Station, Westmoreland county, on Thursday night last.

—A little girl in Altoona named Barr upset a can of boiling water upon herself a few days ago and was so badly scalded that she died soon after.

—The new moon was a week old last night, and yet no one has thus far got even half its smiling phiz. Dark and cloudy weather, you know.

—Forty-six snow storms are predicted for the coming winter, including of course the one which seems to be imminent as we go to press on Thursday afternoon.

—We will publish in our next issue the address delivered by Jas. C. Easly, Esq., before the Hayden Total Abstinence Society of Williamstown on the evening of September 4th.

—Mr. Joseph Parks, of East Conemaugh, has received a lot of black bass from the Fish Commissioners which he promptly placed in the Conemaugh and Stoneycreek at Johnstown.

—Look out for a large influx of "schoolma'am" next week and hold on to your own bachelor brothers, for fear that some of them should turn up missing. Teachers' institute, you know.

—A farmer named Hampton, a resident of Penn township, Allegheny county, was run over and instantly killed on Friday evening last, at Penn Station, by a freight train on the Pa. R. R.

—A young man named Amos Copenhaver, resident of Blair county, had one of his hands cut off by a threshing machine on the 18th inst., and although his injury is a terrible one it is thought that he will recover.

—Old topers who are short of funds will find encouragement in the fact that a four gallon still in Pottsville got gloriously obliterated the other day by chewing junson and meddle not sober up for several hours.

—We are aware of the importance of eating a rough or common cold in its first stage. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon fastens on the lungs. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup affords instant relief. Price, 25 cents.

—A Johnstown horse-car thief, Mr. James Hill by shoulder on Wednesday forenoon and after forcing its teeth through his clothing into the flesh, inflicting a very painful wound, it gave him a shake or two and then deliberately dropped him into a mudpuddle.

—Mr. James Hill, of Curwensville, Clearfield county, was relieved of a gold watch and chain, valued at $125, while visiting the Centennial a couple of weeks ago. The valuables were presented to Mr. Hill while in England, which of course makes the loss the more annoying.

—A white swan measuring six feet ten inches from tip to tip of wings was shot by Wm. Hall at Bonscreek, this county, on Monday morning last. It is rare to hear of a white swan in this latitude, but it is much more rare to hear of a bird of that species, entirely black, being shot by a Gail.

—It is rumored, we know not with how much truth, that Hon. John Reilly has been appointed Superintendent of the New Jersey division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, said appointment of course not, we presume, to take effect until the expiration of his term of office on the 4th day of March next.

—The Greensburg hunters, accompanied by their dogs, attempted to interview a wildcat the other day, but before they got far in the undertaking a fierce fight ensued, from which the ferocious feline soon came out victorious and made his escape, leaving his pursuers, men and dogs, much the worse for the encounter.

—The "good shots" of northern Cambria will be pleased to learn that a chance to show their skill with the rifle will be afforded at Gallitzin on Thursday next (Thanksgiving day), when a fat hog weighing from 200 to 300 pounds is to be offered as a prize for the best marksman. Distance fifty yards off hand, or sixty-six yards with a rest.

—We learn from the Altoona *Mirror* that Mr. S. M. Davis, of this place, went to Hollidaysburg on Monday last to interview Sheriff Bell in regard to the military order recently issued by him, and while there was informed by the great "I am" that he meant what he said and expected the instructions given to be carried to the letter. Then what?

—Look here! All persons wishing to secure pictures or other articles in the photograph line are invited to call at Spence's gallery, where from Thanksgiving day, Nov. 30th, before Thanksgiving day, Nov. 30th, four elegant pictures for 50 cents, or nine photos. for $1.00. Think of it and avail yourself of the last opportunity of this kind that may be offered to you many a day.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register*, Altoona *Tribune* and Johnstown *Voice and Echo* have our sincere renewed obligations for very kind and flattering commendations of ourself personally, and should we ever be the goal of our present ambition, the opportunity for which is not so promising now as it might be, we shall not forget the favor given us by the respective editors of those named journals.

—Mrs. Amanda Bacon, of Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, was severely burned, on Wednesday, one week ago, by fire communicated to the clothing of her bed from a wood fire near which she was standing. She was asleep at the time and did not awake until she was wrapped in flames. Her back and shoulders were badly burned and she died from the effects of the burns received with her life.

—Mr. Samuel C. Pile, one of the prominent citizens of Somerset, was in the act of stepping the steps of the Somerset and Johnstown Railroad depot at that place, on Friday evening last, he accidentally slipped and fell on the track in front of a moving train, one car of which passed over his left leg and otherwise injured him so terribly that he died about 3 o'clock on the following morning.

—Dark clouds may wear their saddest frown, the sun refuse to smile, and snow with other ills may threaten for a while; but we can assert solace find at Godfrey Hite's great clothing store, where garments of every kind are cheaper now than e'er before, a fact that can be proved to all who call at his famous low clothing bazaar, on Twelfth street, near to the post-office, Altoona.

—A young man named Crise, aged about 20 years, was accidentally shot and killed by his own father while on a hunting excursion a few days ago near Jones' Mills, Westmoreland county. The old gentleman, it seems, saw a rabbit, which he attempted to shoot, but instead of hitting the rabbit the ball struck a stone, from which it glanced off, and entering young Crise's ear, penetrated his heart and killed him almost instantly.

—Now that the political battle is over and excitement sufficiently subsided to permit the average man to view calmly and dispassionately the situation, we think with the Johnstown *Democrat* that he (the average man) should not forget that at Star Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, Mr. James J. Murphy keeps constantly on hand a large lot of elegant clothing for men and boys. The prices are the lowest in the market, and the clothing of the newest and finest styles.

—Miss Sarah E. Brownson, daughter of the renowned O. A. Brownson, deceased, the lady who recently wrote and published a life of the prince and priest, Dr. Gallitzin, for which she collted the facts during a somewhat protracted sojourn for that purpose in northern Cambria, died a few days ago at her home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, of which city the venerable Father Lemke is still a resident. She possessed literary tastes and talents of no mean order.

—Gov. Stearns, of Florida, the gentleman who was beaten for re-election in the late contest by Mr. Drew, his Democratic competitor, and who now assumes the right to count and declare the vote of that State, is not, as has been stated, a nephew of Mrs. A. A. Barker, but he is a cousin of that lady's husband, Hon. A. A. Barker, of this place. And now the question naturally arises, will the Johnstown *Tribune*, in view of the relationship existing between the two gentlemen named, endorse Gov. Stearns in the revolutionary step which he proposes to take?

—A freight car on the Pa. R. R. was taken possession of by twenty-two tramps near McVeytown, on Wednesday of last week, and as they declined to vacate on demand of the conductor that gentleman telegraphed to the Sheriff at Huntingdon, who with the aid of several of the citizens succeeded in arresting the belligerent interlopers when the train reached that place. After a hearing they were all committed to jail, from which they were released next morning with an injunction to leave the town forthwith, which they did without standing very long on the order of their going.

—A little son, aged about two years, of Mr. John Elder, of Smicksburg, Indiana county, recently fell into a wash-boiler partially filled with hot water, and although rescued almost immediately, he received injuries which resulted in death about thirty-six hours after. An elder brother met with a like mishap some three weeks previous, and it was with great difficulty that his life was saved. Four years ago a daughter of the same gentleman aged six years, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. A greatly afflicted family surely, and one deserving the most earnest sympathy.

—On Tuesday evening last a party of young hoodlums, otherwise known as juvenile rowdies, of whom our town has more than the lion's share, placed an old bench across the side-walk in front of Mr. Evan Griffith's residence, in the East Ward, and soon after Mrs. Ann Evans, an old lady residing with her son-in-law, Mr. G. A. Kinkead, while on her way to the Congregational church, where services were being held at the time, fell over the obstruction and received an ugly cut above her left eye, sprained one of her arms, and received other painful injuries about her person. A reward for the arrest of the young scapegraces who committed the vandal act ought to be the next thing in order, and we doubt not if done it would result in bringing some very bad boys before the bar of justice.

—Ex-Sheriff Myers of this place has, or had a few days ago, an ear of corn, grown on his farm near town, which measures only about seven inches, but which contains twenty-two rows, in each one of which there are forty-five grains, making a grand total of nine hundred and ninety kernels, to say nothing about a few straggling privates. If any of our farmer friends can trot out an ear of like dimensions which excels this a-maizing production we are the very boy to "acknowledge the corn" as readily for them as any body who has ever dealt at the cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd is willing to acknowledge that better goods and fairer prices are nowhere to be met with in the county of Cambria or parts adjacent. All which should induce parties wishing to purchase dry goods, groceries, etc., to give said firm a call before fooling their money away at some high-priced establishment.

—Mark Turner, the man whom we noticed last week as having been arrested on suspicion of being the murderer of Mrs. Maria Waple, of Wallacetown, Clearfield county, is said by the Tyrone *Herald* to have been guilty of several acts of incendiarism some two or three years ago, but succeeded in fixing the guilt upon the husband of the murdered woman, who was sent to the penitentiary, his own wife and the man Turner appearing as witnesses against him on his trial. Waple's term of imprisonment recently expiring, he returned to his home, and it was at first supposed that he had killed his wife in revenge, but it seems that since his return Mrs. Waple informed Turner that unless he gave her a thousand dollars she would "blow" on him, and he killed her. As Turner has been arrested and is now in the Clearfield jail, the trial will show whether or not these are the facts. At all events it was a cold, deliberate murder in broad daylight, on the public highway, and not over a fourth of a mile from the residence of two families.

KELT SUITS and SASH COATS.

The best line of Kelt Suits for Girls and Boys from 2½ years to 6 years *ever shown in this city*; also,

SACQUES,

new shapes and styles, for age from 4 years to 17, at F. H. EATON & CO.'S, No. 25 Fifth avenue, near Market street, Pittsburgh.

ENGLISH CHEVOITS
just opened in Plaids and Stripes, late patterns.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—On Friday evening last a little eight year old girl named Sheehan, whose parents reside at the Johnstown ore bank, near town, was sent on an errand to the house of a family named Markey, residing near by. The entire Markey family, with the exception of three dogs which they manage to provide for in spite of the hard times, were absent. One of the dogs above alluded to is said to be a large, ferocious animal. The little one, having discovered that nobody was at home, turned to retrace her steps, when she was attacked by the dogs. Of course she was frightened, and, as many a one of larger growth would have done, tried to escape by running. She was soon overtaken and thrown to the ground, the larger dog literally chewing her legs up from the knee down. Great strips of flesh were torn off and the little girl was horribly mutilated. Doubtless she would have been killed had it not been for the timely appearance of a man who drove the ferocious brutes away and rescued the little one. The larger animal seems to have done all the damage, the smaller ones contenting themselves with drinking the blood which flowed from the little girl's wounds. We learn that the father of the child requested Mr. Markey to kill the large dog, but that gentleman absolutely refused to do anything of the kind, evidently considering his dog of more value than many children. Had we been in Mr. Sheehan's place we would have made no request of the sort. The dog is not fit to live and Mr. Sheehan should kill him at once. The man who keeps such ferocious animals about him and is careless as to whether or not they maim or kill his neighbors little ones, is not a good citizen.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

NEW ENGLISH AND FRENCH
Cloakings in diagonal Matelasse, Chinchilla and Beavers.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

DR. J. C. AYER, of Lowell, Mass., a gentleman whose name and fame has become world-wide in connection with his renowned and unequalled medical preparations, has recently completed and presented to the town of Ayer, in said State, a public hall which cost not less than $30,000. The dedicatory ceremonies were held in the new hall on the 2d, inst. after which the keys were publicly delivered to the town of Ayer by Mr. F. F. Ayer, eldest son of Dr. Ayer, in an elegant yet modest speech. Other addresses, orations, a poem and music made up the programme. The town was incorporated February 14, 1871, and named after its founder, Dr. J. C. Ayer.

CARRIAGE
and Travelling Rugs in great variety and elegant materials.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—The *Catholic World* for December is a bright and seasonable number. It opens with a searching review of the doings and sayings of the recent Unitarian Convention at Saratoga. The Rev. E. E. Hale, who seems to have been the chief expounder of Unitarianism at the Convention, is subject to a criticism that will probably invite reply, inasmuch as, from the *Catholic World's* standpoint, there is not much left either of that gentleman or of a rational Christian platform for Unitarianism. The whole article is a sharp challenge to Unitarianism as well as a healthy piece of criticism. It is followed by a charming paper on "Siena" and its great St. Catharine, whose name and fame belong to European history no less than to the Catholic Church. The serials, "Six Sunny Months," "Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister," and "Sir Thomas More," continue. The last-named romance is announced to conclude in the January number. The present instalment draws a fine picture of the great Chancellor's trial and condemnation. The other two serials are as full of bright scenes and charming personages, as happily described, as ever. "The Young Irishwoman" at last visits her native land, and the return is described with all the grace, half-bright, half-pathetic, that runs so readily from her pen. A short story and a very good one is "The Devil's Christmas Gift." The article on Prof. Mivart's *Contemporary Evolution* gives an excellent idea of a work that has called for very general attention in religious and scientific circles. The paper on the "Catacombs" is one of the best written and most interesting in the number. It is ostensibly a review of the Rev. Mr. Withrow's book on the same subject; but, as the writer of the article plainly shows himself far better acquainted with the Catacombs than the author of the book, it can only be looked upon as rather a refutation than a review. "A Trip to Ireland" in the present year is a very pleasing account of a flying visit to that land of many memories.—"Aphasia" is a purely scientific paper, but will be found to repay perusal by the general reader. A review of "Jean Ingelow's Poems" is the closing article. It is one of those pieces of keen literary criticism which the *Catholic World* can command when it pleases, and in which it is unexcelled. Certainly, those who sneer at the state of Catholic literary culture cannot read the *Catholic World*. If if just, too, as its own literary criticisms show. Therein Protestants and Catholics are treated on an equal footing, and praised or condemned on the merits of their respective works.

EXTRA LONG COATS.

JUST OPENED,
CHINCHILLA, RIBBED SOFT BEAVER AND BASKET CLOTH SACQUES,
In both regular and special lengths, and at prices lower than ever, at F. H. EATON & CO.'S, 25 Fifth avenue, near Market street, Pittsburgh.

OUR CLOAK
and Shawl department is being daily supplied with all the late importations and designs that are offered from the European markets.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER now comes to us with sixteen clean, neatly-printed pages, embellished with fine illustrations and full of scientific and practical Agriculture and Literature. For the agriculturist and the family circle it is an indispensable weekly visitor. Its Editor-in-Chief is the celebrated Horticulturist, A. S. Fuller, associated with whom are E. S. Carman and X. A. Willard, while, as special contributors, they are assisted by such men as William Robinson, Charles Downing, Charles V. Riley, Thomas Meehan, James Vick, and many others of equal eminence in their respective scientific and practical specialties. It keeps its moral tone to that high standard which fits it for any family in the land. The mother can rely upon it to furnish household recipes for daily use, pleasant stories for leisure reading and excellent moral entertainment for the children. The father may confidently look for the latest experiments and discoveries in his daily avocations, accompanied by good advice and carefully revised markets, embracing nearly every product for sale. In addition to this its Publishers, (The Rural Publishing Co., 78 Duane St., New York,) as an acknowledgement of their late increased patronage, have reduced its price to only $2.50 a year. Send to them for a specimen copy, which they will mail to you *free*.

THE PERSON
who wears *Perforated* Chamois Skin Shirts and Drawers in winter is almost entirely exempt from coughs and colds. These comfortable goods for Ladies' and Gents' wear for sale only by F. H. Eaton & Co., 25 Fifth avenue, near Market street, Pittsburgh.

SEAL SACQUES.
We have now open a full line of Shetland and Alaska Seal Sacques, Muffs, Boas and Hats.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

WAITING FOR HEALTH.—You might as well sit on your hunkers and wait for fortune to come to you, as to wait for lost health to return without making an effort to recover it; do you wait for your corn and wheat to grow without culture, or without sowing the seed and giving them after-culture? "Oh, no! that's unreasonable," you will say. No more unreasonable than to expect lost health to come back to you without making use of the means of cure.

Chronic diseases of the lungs ending in consumption; chronic diseases of the liver ending in a life time of sickness and shortened two or three decades of years, can all be cured by Dr. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, a medicine which strikes at the root of disease, and drives it from its fastness; which recreates the organs of life by renewing the blood with its life-giving properties, and establishing the reign of health and happiness.

Price of Lung Cure $1.50 per bottle or $7.50 per half dozen. To be had at Dr. Keyser's Laboratory, 240 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh. His private consulting office is No. 120 Penn avenue.

A Few Years Ago
it would have been thought incredible that a Silk Handkerchief could be made and retailed at 25 cents. Some good patterns are now offered at that price by F. H. Eaton & Co., 25 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh. The larger and finer grades proportionately low.

BARGAINS
in Paisley Shawls, Double and Single Paisley and French Brocade Shawls at half their value.
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

WE can fully endorse the following which we find in last week's issue of the *Democratic Herald*, published at Butler, Pa. Every word of it is true to the letter, and no publisher we are sure who has had any dealings with Mr. Foulk could wish for a Freshman to take his place. But hear what "Uncle" Jake Ziegler has to say on the subject:

A GOOD AGENT.—We never dealt with a more punctual Advertising Agent than W. L. Foulk, Esq., of Pittsburgh. Present your account when you will, he is ready to settle and pay whatever is due. With him there is no putting such business off from time to time until the amount coming is swallowed up in expenses. Whatever amount is due, he promptly pays, and far more so than other Agents with whom we have dealt, have done. Mr. Foulk is entitled justly to the favorable consideration of every editor for having established an agency in Pittsburgh in which confidence can be placed.

The New Line
of Children's Rough Cloth Coats from $2.50 to $4.00 displayed at F. H. Eaton & Co.'s, 25 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, are much below value, and will secure a ready sale. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
Waterproofs, in Plaids and Stripes, open at
HUGUS & HACKE'S,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh.

Local Correspondence.

INDIANA, Nov. 20, 1876.

FRIEND MCPIKE—The late political excitement having in a measure subsided, or rather, I should say, been smothered and is now smouldering until the final result of the election is known, business has again resumed its natural course and there is nothing of importance to disturb the quiet of this old fashioned town, and all the more quiet it seems, too, by contrasting it with the late political excitement and hubbub. You seldom see a crowd on the streets at any time or anywhere, save at train time, when the natural anxiety in the minds of both parties bring them to the depot to hear the latest news concerning the election. This is certainly the newsboys' harvest time, for judging from the manner in which they are sought after and patronized, their occupation is certainly a lucrative one.

Active preparations are already being made for the proper observance of Thanksgiving day. There will be divine services in all the churches in the forenoon. Then comes the inevitable turkey, and the evening will be devoted to amusements and entertainments of various kinds, among which may be noted a lecture for the benefit of Co. I, 5th Reg't, N. G. P., of this place, to be delivered by Rev. Dr. Hall in the Court House. The "boys in blue" have certainly been fortunate in securing the services of the Doctor for this occasion, as the lecture is very highly spoken of, and he will no doubt render entire satisfaction to all who go to hear him.

The new Town Hall and engine house combined of West Indiana will also be dedicated on that day, and the ladies of the west end will give a grand entertainment in honor of the occasion. The building speaks well for the public spirit and energy of the citizens of the west end, which, although but a graft as it were of the old borough, is far outstripping its older neighbor in public works and enterprise. They have an excellent fire organization, a company well uniformed and trained, and an engine which by the manner in which it conquers the fiercest fires has well earned for itself the sobriquet of "The Little Giant."

Among other improvements in the west end we may note the new and handsome store room of P. H. Burns & Bro's, iron founders and machinists. Pat seems to thoroughly understand the secret of success in business, judging by the manner in which he advertises, promising nothing, however, but what the firm is well able to perform. The advertisement on the front of their store room is a very attractive one, by all odds the finest of the kind in town, and, certainly, does credit upon the skill of Mr. Stevens, the painter.

Excursions to the Centennial are at a discount at present, the inducements offered by the R. R. Co. during the last ten days having failed to draw a crowd.

The Indiana Cornet Band have just purchased and received a new set of instruments, therewith to make a noise, and we must say they make a noise not at all unpleasant to the ear. The band is composed entirely of boys, only one or two of whom are over eighteen years of age, and we venture to say there is no band in the State having had the same disadvantages to labor under which can compete with them. They certainly have the material for a first-class band and now having obtained new instruments will no doubt make rapid progress. More anon.

TISHE M'INGO.

GREENSBURG, Nov. 20, 1876.

DEAR FREEMAN—Though the most exciting campaign which the people of this country have ever witnessed closed several days ago, the interest which followed its close has not in the least subsided. There exists no doubts in the minds of the Democrats, as well as of many honest Republicans of this place, as to the election of Tilden, though many have come to the conclusion that he *will* be counted out by Kellogg and his unscrupulous agents. We hope for better, however, for we believe the American people will not tolerate any such an *infamous usurpation* of their rights, and will look forward with pleasure to the time when "Uncle Sammy" shall occupy the Presidential chair.

In our claim that John Westmoreland would give a large majority for the Democratic ticket we were slightly mistaken, and lest your readers might think we are given to *blowing* we will mention some of the reasons why such a result was not accomplished. In the first place there was a very large increase in the voter list over that of previous years, and the increase of Democratic votes was not proportionately as large as those of the Republicans. Then there was a dissatisfaction among the miners of the county and the result was that nearly three hundred votes were cast for Cooper, the greenback candidate, the greater number or which came from the Democratic side. Such are some of the reasons why our majority was not increased over that of last year.

All honor to "Little Cambria" for the way she "whooped her up"—the majority, we mean. Sorry, though that such honest and worthy men as Reilly and Conrad were defeated. No fault of the "frosty sons of thunder," however.

We are now enjoying a five weeks' term of court. The criminal court was very light, the lightest we have had for a long time, which goes to show that we are "Reformers" in the full sense of the word.

It was Wm. Moore, who resides at Congruity, Salem township, this county, that was shot while attempting to cut down a Democratic pole at the former place, and not of "Salem church, Congruity township," as you have it. No such township as Congruity in Westmoreland county, Mac.

This county lost one of its oldest and most honored citizens last week in the death of Hon. Samuel L. Carpenter. He was eighty-two years old at the time of his decease, and was for many years Associate Judge of this county, and also represented the district in the Senate in Harrisburg. Some years ago he was a sterling Democrat and voted for the last time for Tilden and Reform two days before he died. The "Judge," as he was familiarly called, was respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and his death is greatly lamented.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that you may make a raid on turkey about the 30th inst. (it being fair to presume that some of your *well to do* farmer subscribers will remove Turkey to your immediate vicinity) we remain,

Yours, respectfully, QUILL.

HOUTZDALE, Pa., Nov. 20, 1876.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir*: You will oblige your Houtzdale patrons and readers by inserting the following in the next issue of your Journal:

The funeral of the late John Kinney, son of Mr. Charles Kinney, one of the oldest citizens of Houtzdale, took place yesterday (Sunday) forenoon. His remains were conveyed from here to the Catholic cemetery at Tyrone by a special train, which left Houtzdale at 10 o'clock A. M. The deceased was aged about 24 years, and was beloved and esteemed by all his associates and friends, of whom there were many. The cause of his untimely death may be briefly stated as follows: On Wednesday evening last he as usual partook of a hearty supper, after which he picked up or took from his pocket a bulldog revolver, which he commenced wiping off with his handkerchief, and while so engaged the hammer, which was raised at the time, accidentally fell, discharging the weapon, the muzzle of which was turned towards him, and the ball entered his body below the first rib and as is supposed passed through his stomach.—Drs. Foulk, Edwards and Whitmore were at once summoned, but all their medical skill was without avail. The physician first named probed the wound, but failed to find the ball, which he thought had lodged in Mr. Kinney's thigh. For forty-six hours the unfortunate young man lingered in great agony before death relieved him of his torments. Father Wagner and Sheridan attended promptly to his spiritual wants, the former not only administering to him the last sad rites of the Catholic Church, but also remaining with him up until the moment of his death. His funeral, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was one of the largest ever witnessed in Clearfield county. He leaves a father and mother and three brothers and three sisters to mourn his sad and terrible fate.

Our popular young merchant Mr. E. F. Dunn has returned from the east where he had been on a goods purchasing mission for a week or more. Ed. took in the centennial also, though he did not get there until the 9th. The new Catholic church building in this place is rapidly approaching completion, and when finished it will be the handsomest edifice of the kind in Clearfield county. BYRON.

Communications.

PORTAGE, Pa., Nov. 21, 1876.

EDITOR FREEMAN—In the last weekly issue of the Johnstown *Tribune* I notice a communication from Somman, signed "Justice," in which that "talented bugger" undertakes to describe a pole raising which the honest, hard fisted Democrats of this village had just prior to the election. This scribbler, no doubt laboring under the delusion that *electricity* inspires *wit*, tries to *electrify* the "trooly tool" by a dose of that commodity. He says we failed to get our pole up on Saturday, "because the most of their number had too much reform whiskey and were laid out, etc." Now, for a fact, just about the drunkest man at that pole raising was a Republican; and I am of the opinion that there was no Republican there who was not inspired more by a desire to get the drinks than to assist in raising the pole. It is true we did not get our pole up on Saturday, for the reason that we did not have it hauled from the woods until the afternoon of that day, and had not time to perfect our arrangements; and the pole being very heavy (hickory, 108 feet long,) we concluded to defer the raising of it until Monday. On Monday we did "raise her up" without difficulty or mishap, and without a man from Lilly's being present, or a Republican either. It is true there were several persons assisting us who had heretofore voted with the party of fraud and corruption, but who now—well they don't take any Grant, Kellogg, Chamberlain, or Miller in their's not *any*, thank you! If there was any Republican assisting let us have the *affidavits*, gentlemen! By the way, has "Justice" any recollection *at all* of the raising of a bit of a bean pole in the interest of the Grant-Cameron-Milliken dynasty, in close proximity to the *ritrid bar* in that wonderful town called Somman. That little thing wasn't set up by Democrats—wasn't, eh? Please answer by telegraph!

With regard to "Justice's" gratuitous programme for a jubilee-*ification* at this place, he is wonderfully at fault. In the first place there was no arrangement made for a demonstration. "Buffalo Bill" was *not* to fire the big gun, for it had already been fired from Somman; the 'Squire was not to make a reform speech, for the time for reform speeches was past, the *people* having on the 7th inst. made the last speech on that subject. It only remains to be seen whether *their* will or the will of a vulgar tyrant is supreme.

As to the contemptible fling on the powder question, that is a little too thin! Sympathy from *that* source when there was a question of a three cent piece? Bosh! Much more likely would the odd grain be bit in two to make the exact weight, on a sale at a usurious profit! Sympathy indeed! Wonder if Col. Mullin in wouldn't let us have a little if we would send in our requisition before he leaves for the front? As a blank cartridge would do us here, may be the Colonel would come over himself! "Justice" concludes his very able paper on the situation thusly: "So, Mr. Davis' chances are still good, and we (who?) sincerely hope the fraud they (who?) have committed may elect him, which would be their just attributes." *Just attributes!* Did you ever hear the like, Mr. Editor? Just attributes! Well, well! Good bye.

The *Cambria Herald* of last week also, contains a *hefty* blast from Washington township, signed "Fair Play," but as there is no fair play in it, nor any sense either, I could only say to this scribbler that, as his little display of nonsense is dated on Sunday, he should observe the law, and abstain from *servile* work on the Lord's day. Bye, bye! REFORM.

CHEST SPRINGS, Nov. 18, 1876.

MR. EDITOR—At a teachers' examination last summer the following sentence was submitted for analysis:

"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best."

Now the controverted part is the principal sentence, namely, "how calm could I rest." To straighten this it would read "I could rest how calm." "I" the subject, "could rest" the predicate, and "calm" an adverb modifying "rest," or an adjective in position? and those two cases are the two horns of the dilemma. "How" of course modifies "rest."

Now your humble scribbler thinks that "calm" is an adverb modifying the verb "rest," while others maintain that "rest" is an adjective in position, to indicate.

Clark's Practical Grammar, page, 240, says that "It will be noticed that the adjective in predicate does not *modify* the verb. It describes the subject by the aid of the verb." Now if "calm" is an adjective in predicate it describes the *subject* by the aid of the verb.

Just ask the question, "How could I *rest*?" The answer is, "I could *rest calm*"—or calmly it should be when correctly written, the form "calm" being allowed by poetic license. "Calm" here evidently modifies the verb "rest" according to every one's common sense.

We will just place two similar sentences together:

How calm could I rest=I could rest how calm.
How sweet could I sleep=I could rest how sweet.

Now any one may see that these two sentences are similar; and they may also see the absurdity of the position that either "calm" or "sweet" is an adjective describing "I," for it would be absurd to say I being how sweet could sleep. "Sweet" here does not describe "I;" neither does "calm" describe "I." "Sweet," or sweetly if it should be, evidently modifies "sleep," and as "sweet" bears the same relation to "sleep" that "calm" does to "rest," therefore "calm" modifies "rest" and is an adverb. A. D. H.

THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE
WHO DAILY CONGREGATE AT THE
NEW CASH STORE
—OF—
PRYCE, BAXTER, JONES & CO.,

AWAY WITH THEM
AMPLE AND UNMISTAKABLE
EVIDENCE OF THE FACT
THAT THE
Great Eldorado
—FOR—
CHEAP GOODS
OF ALL KINDS
HAS BEEN FOUND AT LAST!
—WHERE—
BETTER BARGAINS!
AND MORE OF THEM!
FOR CASH, AND CASH ONLY,
CAN BE HAD THAN AT
Any Other STORE in Northern Cambria.
—AND THE—
REASON WHY THIS IS THUS
will be apparent to all when we say, as we can and do without fear of successful contradiction from any source, that

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK
to be found in Ebensburg;
WE SELL FOR CASH AND CASH ONLY
—treating our customers all alike:
WE ACCUMULATE NO BAD DEBTS
for cash buyers to pay;
WE MANUFACTURE OUR OWN BLANKETS,
Flannels, Cassimeres, &c.;
WE BUY ALL OUR OTHER GOODS
in large quantities and at the lowest prices attainable; hence it is that we are enabled to
SELL AT MUCH LOWER FIGURES
than the credit system will afford.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
and invite comparison as to the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them.
We Receive New Goods Every Day
and give our customers the benefit of any decline in price as soon as it occurs.
WE MANUFACTURE THE CELEBRATED
LUMBERMEN'S FLANNEL.
WE WANT AND WILL PAY THE BEST PRICES FOR
500 DOZEN EGGS,
500 KEGS OF BUTTER,
2,000 LBS. FRESH ROLL BUTTER.

NOTE.—Having recently enlarged our Store Rooms to double their former capacity, we are better prepared than ever to accommodate and wait upon the crowds who daily throng our establishment in quest of good goods at bottom prices, and would therefore solicit all who have not yet paid us a visit to do so at once, and be convinced, as we are sure they will be, that we mean exactly what we say when we assure all the world and the rest of mankind that we are on the warpath against high prices and intend to fight it out to the bitter end. So bring along your cash or produce and see what you will see in the way of big bargains.

Respectfully yours,
Pryce, Baxter, Jones & Co.
Ebensburg, Nov. 24, 1876.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNEE OF HIS APPOINTMENT IN BANKRUPTCY. *Western District of Pennsylvania, ss:*

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of FERDINAND MARX, of Carrolltown, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his creditors' petition by the District Court of said District.

OTHELLO SMEED,
Nov. 24, 1876.-3t. Assignee.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Alias Vend. Expon., Pl. Fa., Levari Facias,* and *Fin. Levari Fa. &c.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the COURT HOUSE in EBENSBURG, on

Monday, the 4th day of December next,

at 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of John Hiteman, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John O'Connell, P. & J. Brown, and Martin Sanders, containing 118 acres, more or less, about 90 acres cleared, with two orchards, having thereon erected a two story log house, frame barn and wagon shed, now in the occupancy of John Hiteman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Elizabeth Sirlouis and others.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jacob Kunsman, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Myers, Saml Dean, Chas. Younkin, and others, containing about 60 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house, frame barn, and coal bank in working order, in the occupancy of Jacob Kunsman; and a two story frame house, in the occupancy of Charles Kunsman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James Nelson, jr.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of W. E. Barker, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the public road and adjoining land of John H. Fiske and John Gray, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log stable, in the occupancy of W. E. Barker, and one-half interest in a stationary steam shingle machine, in the occupancy of Barker & Gray. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Cramer.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of David Trexler, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Mary Bendon, John Kreer, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 8 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log stable, in the occupancy of Thomas Byrne. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John H. Hite, administrator of J. K. Hite, deceased.

ALSO all the right, title and interest of William A. Ivory, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Joseph Cooper, David Ryan, and Thomas Krise, containing 30 acres, more or less, about 20 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame barn, in the occupancy of William A. Ivory. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. Saupp, for use of S. E. Burns.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of J. J. Krise, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John McDermitt, William Little, Lewis Carle, and others, containing 185 acres, more or less, about 50 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and log stable, in the occupancy of Lawrence Ledlesperger, and a one-and-a-half story frame house and log stable, in the occupancy of James Plunket, and a two story plank house and log stable, in the occupancy of James Swinehart. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. F. Kerr.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Wm. J. Coons, of, in and to a piece or parcel of ground situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Saint St. Joseph's street on the east and extending back to an alley on the west and an alley on the south, having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame stable, in the occupancy of Wm. J. Coons. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Litzinger.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James J. Kaylor, executor of Edward A. Burk, who was the executor of Susan Burk, with notice to John Burk, tenant in possession, to wit: All the following described piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Washington township, Cambria county, and State of Pennsylvania, on the headwaters of Conemaugh, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the township road; thence south 15 degrees, east 50 perches, to a post and corner of John McGough; thence south 40 degrees, west 52 perches, to a stone; thence north 63 degrees, west 132 perches, to a post; thence north 17 degrees, east

CURIOUS THINGS.

Among the many curious things we find everywhere, it may be interesting to notice a few of them. Suppose we inquire into the origin of certain words, customs, etc. Take, for instance, the word humbug. At one time during war on the continent of Europe, so many false reports were fabricated at Hamburg, that finally, when any one wished to show his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "That came from Hamburg," or, "That is Hamburg, or Humbug," which thus came to imply unbelief or incredulity.

The word lady is derived from an Anglo Saxon word, and signifies giver of bread. It originated from the custom which prevailed among the wealthy English people of early times of distributing money and food to the poor. Certain days were set apart for this distribution, which were called lady-days, or gift days. The word purse meant a receptacle for arms, and was not invented to mean simply a place of safety for money.

Gloves were introduced into England in the tenth century, but were only used by the wealthy people, and were considered very valuable. As New-Year's gifts they were quite popular, or sometimes "glove money" in place of them, "Pin money" originated in somewhat the same manner. Pins were so costly that money spent or laid aside for them was called "pin-money," and it became so important that it grew into the name of dower, which was settled upon the lady at her marriage.

Attar of roses was discovered by accident. The wife of an Eastern mogul had a small canal of rose-water, and as she was walking one day upon its banks, she noticed a thin film upon the water, which proved to be an oil made by the heat of the sun. The Egyptians were very famous in the manufacture of perfumes, and at the museum in Alnwick there is some ointment preserved in an alabaster vase which still has a very powerful odor, notwithstanding it must be between two and three thousand years old.

The word hermit comes from a Greek word meaning a desert place, because deserts were generally sought in order to avoid persecution.

Sandwiches were named from Lord Sandwich. It is related of him, that one day in a gambling house, being very much fascinated by play, for twenty-five hours he was unconscious of fatigue and hunger, when suddenly becoming aware of them, he ordered some food to be brought, which proved to be some beef and two slices of bread. Placing them together he ate them. His friends gave them the name of sandwiches, and in his memento he declared this act to be the most important one of his administration.

The origin of electing members by ballots came from the Grecians. When a member was to be elected, each member threw a small crumb of bread into a basket, carried by a servant on his head, and whoever differed, flattened the pellet at one side.

Fortnight comes from the Anglo-Saxons, who counted time by night, and means fourteen nights.

Merry pin means merry mood, and originated in the custom of dividing tankards from each other by pegs or pins, and obliging each one to drink precisely the next pin. It proved to be more than some of them could bear, and thus came the expression—"He is in a merry pin."

The invention of the game of chess is claimed by the Chinese and the Hindoos, with more authority in favor of the latter. The Hindoo version is as follows: A certain Hindoo prince oppressed his people in a most cruel manner, and Nassir, a Brahmin, deeply grieved at their sorrows, determined to try if he could not prevail upon the prince to be more lenient. With this idea in view, he invented a game where the king, weak in himself, should be protected by his subjects. Assoon as the prince heard of the new game, he sent for the inventor to come and teach him, who improved the opportunity to make known what the game really taught. Another account is that it was invented by the Queen of Ceylon in the second century, to amuse her husband with an image of war at the time his capital was besieged. From the word chess comes our English word check, and also exchequer.

There are certain fashions prevalent among different nations which seem to us very absurd. For instance, the ladies in Japan gild their teeth, in the Indies they paint them red, in Guzerat black. In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. The Peruvians and other Indian tribes flatten their heads, while other nations maltreat their noses. The Chinese shave off their hair, and allow their finger nails to grow to a great extent; they wear white for mourning; they drink their wine warm and their tea cold, and a pupil reciting turns his back to the teacher. They also cramp the feet of the women. It is stated that a certain Emperor thought the ladies too fond of calling on each other and gossiping, and in order to keep them more at home obliged them to adopt this custom.

The Hindoos believe that after death the soul passes into the body of animals, to live through another term of probation on earth. Among them the cow and the monkey are sacred. The Mahometans are very superstitious concerning the beard. They believe that the divine image in man rests there, and that the angels have charge of every hair. Two centuries ago our ancestors used to wear pasteboard covers over their beards in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep. The Japanese and the inhabitants of Thibet are not satisfied with devout prayers, sacrifices, offerings to the gods, etc., but they also pray by machinery. They have a square post eight feet long, and near the centre is fixed vertically a wheel, which can be reached by the hand, and which moves in an axle passed through the post. On each of the three spokes of the wheel two small rings are strung. Every person who turns this wheel as he passes by is supposed to obtain credit in heaven for as many prayers as the number of revolutions which are marked on the post. The object of the rings is, that as they jingle they are believed to secure the attention of the Deity, and the greater the noise the more certainty that it will be listened to. Some of the inscriptions on the post are worth knowing. One is, "Wise men and fools are in the same boat; whether prospered or afflicted, both are rowing over the deep lake; the gay sails lightly hang to catch the autumnal breeze; then away they straight enter the lustrous clouds and become partakers of Heaven's knowledge." Still another: "As the floating grass is blown by the gentle breeze or the glancing ripples of autumn disappear when the sun goes down, or as the ship returns home to her old shore, so is life; it is smoke, a morning tide."—*Emma L. Lander in Boston Advertiser.*

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Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1876.-tf.

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DR. SWAYNE,
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DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND
SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY,

And other valuable preparations, entered upon his professional career with the important advantage of a regular Medical Education in one of the oldest and best schools in Philadelphia and perhaps in the world. He subsequently served a faithful term of practice in the Philadelphia Dispensary, and for many years attended also in the Hospital. In these institutions he enjoyed the most ample opportunities of obtaining an insight into diseases in all their various forms as well as for ascertaining the best methods of their treatment. In offering, therefore, to the people of the United States the fruits of his extensive professional experience in the medical compounds as the best results of his skill and observation, that he feels that he is but proffering a boon to every family throughout the land, resting, as he does, confidently, in the merits and efficacious virtues of the remedies he herewith commends. The vast amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven "Dr. Swayne's Compound of Wild Cherry" the most efficacious remedy known, and it is admitted by our most eminent physicians, and all who have witnessed its wonderful healing properties. The Wild Cherry, in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known, has been justly celebrated for its wonderful medical qualities, but its great power to cure some of the worst and most distressing diseases among us, was never fully ascertained until the experiments of that skillful physician, Dr. Swayne, had demonstrated its high adaptation, in combination with Pine Tree Tar and other equally valuable vegetable ingredients, which, chemically combined, renders its action tenfold more certain and beneficial in curing all diseases of the throat, breast and lungs. Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry Compound strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy actions, invigorating the nervous and shattered constitution. It does so without prostrating or weakening the body in any way. It cures not only the lungs and liver, but every organ dependent upon a wasted or impoverished state of the blood.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

ABRAHAM HUNSICKER, two miles from Skippackville, Montgomery county, Pa., contracted a serious cold, which settled upon his lungs, with a violent cough, pains in side and breast, and short breath. The symptoms became very alarming; an abscess formed in the lungs and made its way through the side, and discharged large quantities of pus externally, so that his physician thought that the power or functions of one of his lungs was totally destroyed, and therefore gave the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until he was wasted and worn to a skeleton. He was advised to make use of Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and through its use was restored to health.

In every section of the country there are persons who have been snatched from the grave, in its several stages, by the use of Dr. Swayne's Medicine. Many have been restored to health after being confined to their beds, reduced to mere skeletons, and troubled with cough, night sweats, hectic fever, and all other indications of an advanced stage of disease. It is true that in all cases where cures are effected the patient must have some lungs remaining, but thousands of

VICTIMS OF CONSUMPTION

have descended to their graves who might have been cured if they had used "Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry" in time.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Isaac R. Herbein, Straustown, Berks county, Pa., says: I have made use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry for many years, and it always proves effectual in curing long, lasting coughs and all pulmonary affections, and for it I consider the very best remedy of the kind in the market.

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☞Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. Sixth street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice.

Sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

Itching Piles

Are generally preceded by a moisture like perspiration; distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum, particularly at night when undressing or in bed after getting warm; oftentimes shows itself around the adjacent parts, and frequently females are sorely afflicted, extending into the vagina, proving very distressing. Cases of long standing are permanently cured by simply applying

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Dr. Swayne & Son: Enclosed please find one dollar for two boxes of your ointment for Itching Piles. These are for some of my friends who are afflicted with this distressing complaint. The box you sent me a year ago I am glad, yes, I am proud to say it made a perfect cure. I think its efficiency should be published through the length and breadth of the land. You can publish this if you think proper.

DAVID GROSSNICKLE.
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Reader! If you are suffering with this annoying complaint, or Tetter, and crusty, scaly, itchy skin disease, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Swayne's All-Healing Ointment. It will surely cure you. Price, 50 cents a box; 3 boxes $1.25; 6 boxes $2.50. Send by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by

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SAVE YOUR
OWN HAIR!

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER OF COLOR is "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER." It penetrates the roots of the hair and stimulates them in the same way that fertilizing agents spread over the ground stimulate the grass roots and cause the blades to spring up in myriads, coating the earth with verdure. It may well be called the fertilizer of the head. To the barren scalp, or where the hair is failing, or becoming gray, dry and withered, "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER" thickens and restores it to its pristine beauty and color, and allays all itching, cures dandruff, keep the scalp perfectly healthy, and is a splendid hair dressing.

THE GREAT REPUTATION

which it has attained and the large number of testimonials which are constantly being received, are conclusive proof of its great value.

☞*TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED OF ITS SUPERIOR MERITS.*

☞**75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.**

SIX BOTTLES, $4.00—Sent by express to any address on receipt of price.

Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE PANAMA HAT PLANT.—The Bolivians give this plant the name of Jipagapa, a town in the republic of Ecuador, which is the principal seat of the hat manufacture. "Panama," "Mocha" in the case of coffee, and "Brussels" in that of carpets, are misnomer. Before the leaf has begun to open—when, in fact, it resembles a closed fan—it is cut off close to the petiole, the base of which forms the centre of the crown of the hat. It is then divided longitudinally into two with the thumb nail, the thickness forming the mid rib being removed. The number of shreds into which it is divided of course depends on the fineness of the hat into which they are to be manufactured. This split leaf, which is of greenish white color, is next dipped into boiling water and then into tepid water acidulated with lime juice, and lastly it is allowed to bleach in cold water for some time, and afterward dried in the sun. Excellent hats, to be made of a single piece. They vary in price, according to the fineness, from thirteen pence to as many pounds. The damping and drying operations cause the shreds to assume a curled or cylindrical form, which must increase the strength of the hat during their pliancy. Before plaiting the coarser qualities are dipped in cold water, but the finer sorts are left to bleach in the morning dew, and washed before sunrise. A hat of the finest quality made out of a single leaf will take several months to accomplete, and the plaiting will be so close as hardly to be perceptible at a short distance. The plant is by no means difficult to cultivate, and is one of the most hardy species of the genus. It grows well in the damp heat of the orchid house where the temperature does no fall below sixty degrees.

A BURNING BARN.—Miss Bird has been recently traveling in the Sandwich Islands, and describes with graphic force some of the scenes she witnessed. In Hawaii there is a vast and absorbing interest in the volcanoes, and the burning mountain of Mauna Loa, the largest active volcano in the world, Miss Bird went through great fatigue together pleasure to see this extraordinary mountain, but was rewarded by the sight of the Kilauea crater under the most favorable conditions. Words fail to express her utter inability to reproduce in writing what she saw, she nevertheless attempts a description which is exceedingly graphic.

The crater, we are told, is a huge pit in the flank of the Mauna Loa Mountain, five hundred feet deep, and its narrowest part, nearly half a mile in width at its broadest. When the fiery lava boils and seethes and rises in fountains, a vast sea of lava covers the floor, and the rocky barrier which surrounds it, with a sound like an angry sea, breaks upon an iron-bound coast. From the centre of the lake ever and anon rises a huge crimson fountain of lava, sometimes to a height whose fiery cliffs are reflected in the sky as blood red. The whole scene is one of indescribable grandeur, terror, glory, and majesty, and impresses one with an awful and imposing sense.

DURATION OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.—The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years; but with care they will usually live healthily and tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted life. A particular sheep are stated to have lived twenty years—these are, however, said to be certain shepherds call "crook-backed" wethers which are kept as pets. It is difficult to direct the bleating flocks in the most frequented wilds.

Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns indicate the number of their days. Between the years old a ring is formed at the end of the roots and every succeeding year another ring is added.

Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and then counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well known that members of the human family, in their bloom, who are somewhat inclined to gave upon the question of age, declare there are no definite appearances which, with annual precision to the year, mark and reveal to the eye what time has taken from the ear.

Pigs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less.—*Good Health.*

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.—Here is a neat delusion. Roll a sheet of writing paper into a tube ten inches in length, and hold it to the right eye, keeping the left eye also open. Then, with the left hand, open with the fingers outward, against the tube an inch or two from the further end. The singular effect apparently can only be seen through the hand the size of the tube. Now, in the centre of the section, of the tube. Now, in the hand, put a sheet of white paper with a hole in it of a quarter of an inch in diameter; state it directly before the tube, and you will see the hole in the sheet of paper floating in the air in the centre of the tube, clearly defined in the presence of illumination. The eye obviously transmits a different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a hole in a solid.

CORNS.—Dr Barbier, says the *Medical Journal*, reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the following and evening application of a small brush, of a drop of a saturated solution of perchloride of iron. After a few days' continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered for more than forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each great toe was entirely relieved. From that time no longer painful, and Dr. Barbier considers the cure radical.

A PIECE of alum, soaked in vinegar, will harden pickles after they have been taken out of the brine.